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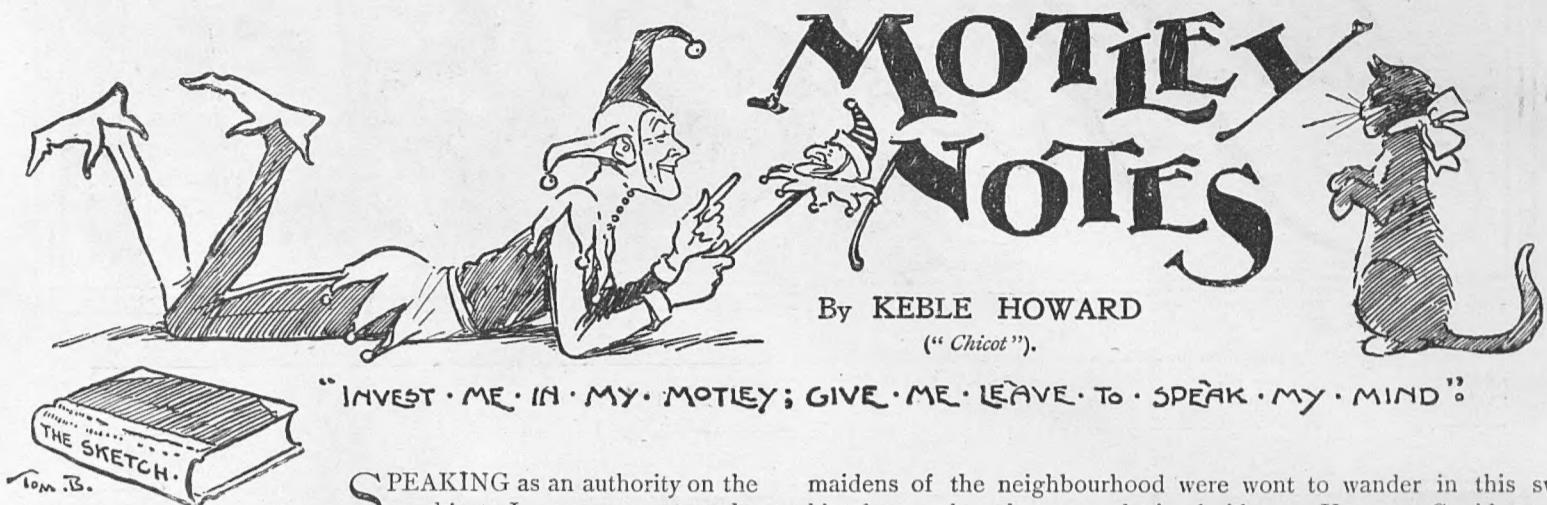
SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Miss Lizzie Castwall Smith.]

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AND DAUGHTER.

MISS BRAITHWAITE IS NOW APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS AS KATHIE IN "OLD HEIDELBERG," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.  
THIS CHARMING COMEDY WILL BE WITHDRAWN FOR THE PRESENT ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT.



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

**S**PEAKING as an authority on the subject, I see no reason why the London clerk should not act upon the suggestion put forward in the columns of the *Daily Mail* and spend his annual holiday in the harvest-field. My claim to the title of an authority, I ought to explain, is based upon the fact that, for the space of one week, I have been fulfilling the functions of a hay-maker. It is not without a certain amount of diffidence that I use the term "hay-maker," for I am guiltily aware that I made no hay. The sun, to tell the truth, made the hay, and I just played about in it. The Cockney, in his ignorance, will probably jump to the conclusion that I approached the work in a somewhat amateurish spirit; any candid farmer, however, will admit that the earnest worker is quite out of place in a hay-field. If you don't believe me, just run down into the country one day this week and study the methods of the professional hay-maker. He suns himself, he drinks cider, he exchanges cheerful badinage with the children, he seats himself in the shade of the hedge and munches bread-and-cheese; that is the way to make hay. Indeed, the more one thinks of the work in relation to the average London clerk, the more one appreciates the sly humour of the *Daily Mail*.

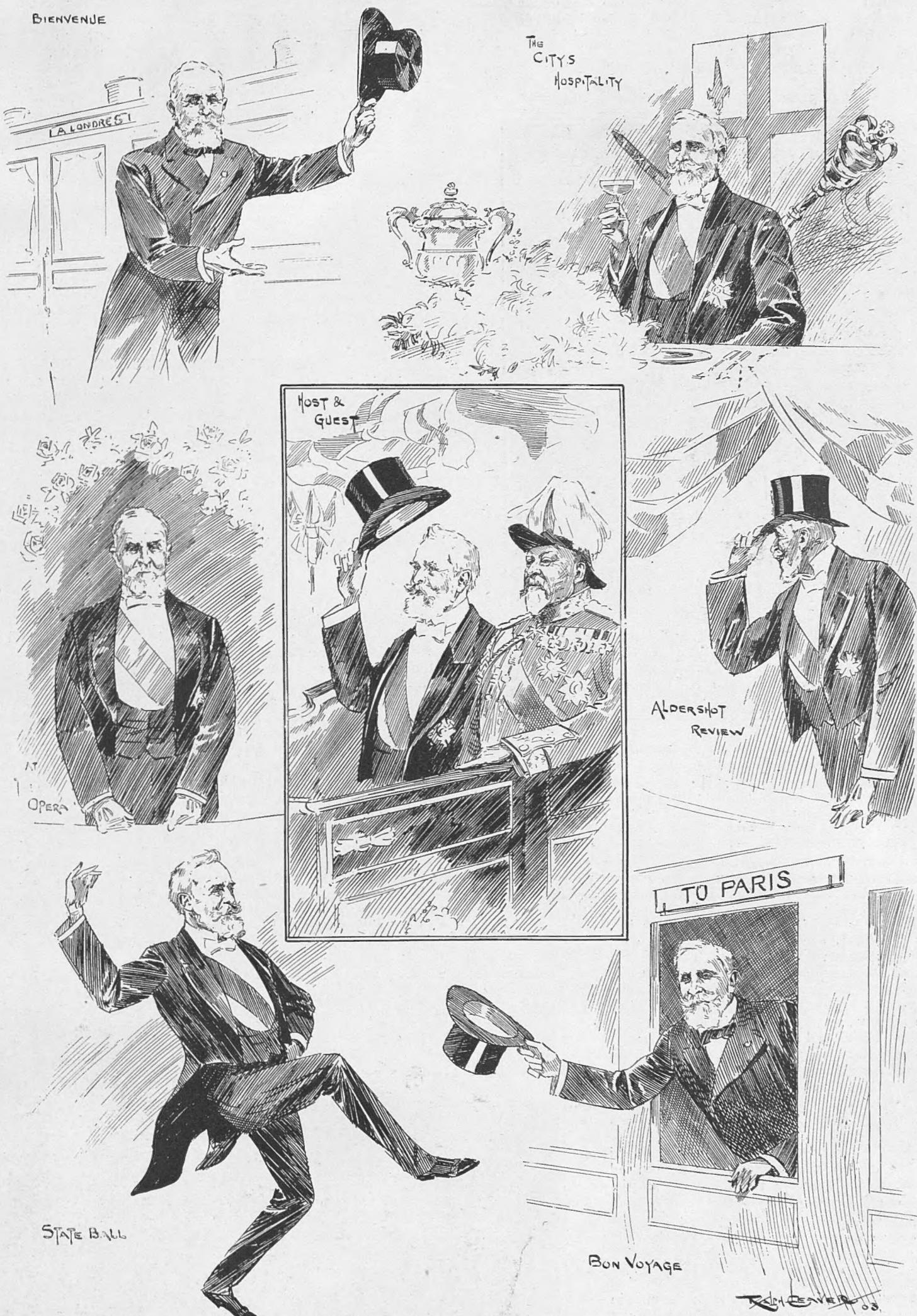
Should he tire of the actual hay-field, our friend the clerk will be well-advised to take a ride upon one of the loaded carts as far as the rick-yard. Here he will find the elevator at work, and several delightfully idle gentlemen encouraging the machine to build the rick. Some elevators, we know, are worked by steam, but, in our rick-yard, we prefer to employ the services of an old pony. It is possible that we might accomplish the work more quickly by the aid of steam, but a pony, as you will agree, is far more picturesque, and also has the advantage of harmonising with our holiday mood. For the pony recognises that this business of working the elevator must not be taken seriously. He stops or goes round just as his fancy dictates, and nobody really cares very much whether he is awake or asleep. Every now and then, perhaps, the boy who is lazily pitching the hay into the elevator will give the animal a gentle nudge with the end of his fork, but the old fellow avoids too many discourtesies of that sort by quickening his pace as he comes near the boy and stopping dead when he finds himself out of reach. As for the men on top of the rick, they enjoy a fine view of the surrounding country, and between each load they have an opportunity of climbing down the ladder to drink cider. Is there, I ask, any London clerk who could not do the same?

As to his evenings, the clerical one will find that he has a choice of many simple occupations. Thus, he may earn a little over-time money by assisting his puzzled master to disentangle his accounts; he may talk to the farmer's wife of theatres, music-halls, concerts, and other fierce joys known to dwellers in the Metropolis; he may go to the village ale-house and study, at first-hand, those quaint, bucolic types that have been so often pictured for him in the pages of *The Sketch*. For my own part, I generally find myself, at this hour of the day, seeking the cool, fragrant shelter of my fairy-haunted grove. There is a foot-path through the grove, but it is seldom used save on Saturday evenings, when the white-bonneted housewives who live in the little red houses at the foot of the hill come that way to the post-office and provision-shop. On all the other evenings of the week the grove belongs to me, and my only companions are the graceful foxgloves, the tall, stately trees, and a few stray messengers who make their way through the leaves by paths of gold that lead back again to the setting sun. Years and years ago, I suppose, the youths and

maidens of the neighbourhood were wont to wander in this sweet kingdom and exchange such simple ideas as Venus or Cupid put into their minds; nowadays, they tell me, the young people cultivate an unhealthy contempt for pastoral joys, and prefer to spend their evenings in stuffy theatres and sticky drinking-saloons. But I must not say too much on this point, for the fairies may take it into their heads that I weary of their society and sigh for the company of buxom dairy-maids and hearty-voiced shepherdesses.

When the fairies have gone to supper—for even fairies allow themselves an occasional sip of dew after they have tucked the sun up for the night—I go back to the farm. The creaking of the elevator has ceased, for the men have done with idleness for the day and are busily engaged in heated political discussions at the sign of the "Rest and be Thankful." The little old pony, whose conscience long ago ceased to interfere with his digestion, is serenely munching hay in the retirement of his stable, and wondering why men are such fools as to drive him round and round in a circle instead of straightforward. The dogs, all seven of them, have also been put away for the night, and the farm-yard, in consequence, is surprisingly quiet and peaceful. Passing through the hay-littered gateway, I wander down the road towards the village. The strains of a concertina here, sounds of scolding there, tell me that the village-folk have squeezed themselves, once again, into their tiny homes, and are preparing for another plaintive, restless night. There are lights in the cottages, and the scent of the newly mown hay is mingled with a savoury smell of fried bacon. At the brow of the hill I come to a halt, and look across the valley at the dark, slumbering trees that crown the further ridge. Then the shadows, like grey ghosts, come shrinking round, and draw a white pall of mist over the green-brown meadows. Nearer and nearer they creep, until at last they are all about me, and I feel upon my face the grim kisses of their moist lips. A little shudder runs through me and I am half-afraid to turn. But I button my coat defiantly, and set out for home with a quick step. And, as a reward for my show of courage, the moon comes edging up the clear sky and chases the shadows back to their dim lairs. With the moon, too, comes a soft breeze, soothing the humble field-flowers and lulling the roses to rest.

And so home to supper. After supper I light my pipe and stroll up and down the white road in front of the farm. The perfect stillness of the summer night is refreshing as a plunge at noonday into a clear stream, and more than atones to one for all the dusty days and hot nights of London. The everyday matters of life seem trivial and paltry; ordinary worries become insignificant. Even Miss Marie Corelli and her screaming attacks upon the good-humoured authorities of Stratford-on-Avon fail, at such a time, to excite me. I can reflect, with equanimity, upon the wealth of a Pierpont Morgan or the magnitude of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme. I wonder how it is that any man, from myself to the Lord Mayor, can think it worth while to live in London. It is so easy, after all, to pick up a living in the country. One's meat grows on the hedgerows, one's wine flows in the brooks. A friendly rick, such as the one that the old pony is building, is sufficient shelter from the night dew and the July rain. Some of the hay has tumbled out of the elevator and forms a bed as soft and luxurious as any couch to be found in the palace of a King. Let me lie down for a moment, close my eyes, and reflect on life in a spirit of true philosophy. There is a . . . bright star . . . just . . . (End of copy.—ED.)



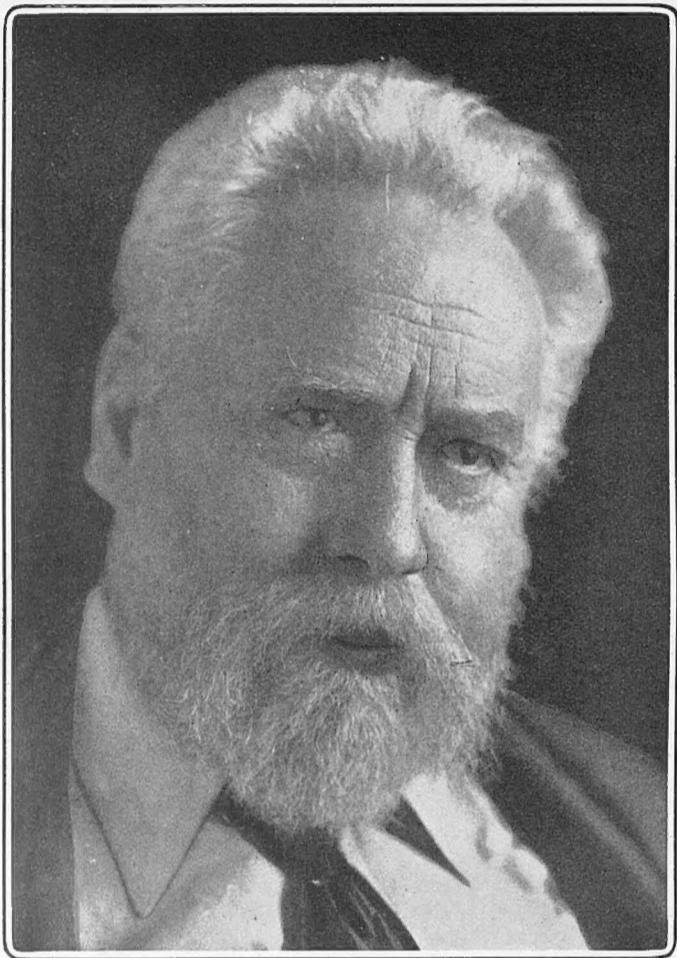
PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO LONDON: A SOUVENIR RECORD.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Aldershot Review—Breton Soldiers and the Paris Garrison—British Horse Artillery—The Last Day of Henley.*

HAVING seen the review at Aldershot on the Wednesday in last week, and having spent Thursday at Henley, I felt, comparing the two sights, that, if etiquette had permitted, it would have given M. Loubet a far better idea of what we do well in England if he had been shown our great river regatta and not our boy battalions.



THE LATE MR. W. E. HENLEY.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

Of course, the rules which regulate the interchange of national courtesy are of cast-iron, and, as M. Loubet took our King to Vincennes to see the Paris garrison, it was absolutely necessary, unless we were prepared to admit that we had no Army, that an equivalent in reviews should be shown to M. Loubet by our Sovereign. But an Aldershot review with only sixteen thousand troops on parade, and some of those the modern boy battalions, cannot impress the head of a great Military Power. M. Loubet is accustomed to the sight of the Breton battalions, which are the finest soldiers in France—the Alpine regiments, perhaps, excepted—and he knows what the seasoned infantryman should be. The Englishman going to France generally sees the infantry of the Pas de Calais and of the Paris garrison, who are all very small men; but the tourists who have passed through Brittany, more especially if they have been there during the annual calling-out of the Reserves, are invariably tremendously impressed by the Breton soldiers. They are not tall men, but they are very broad-chested and very thickly built, and in the War the Prussians found them most stubborn foes, as monuments in more than one Breton town testify.

Three things in the Aldershot review impressed the French officers, with some of whom I chatted afterwards, and they were the marching of the Guards, the gallop past of the Horse Artillery, and the Mounted Infantry battalion. The only good parade-marching that I have seen in France is done by the military schools. The French, who are desperately practical in all that concerns their Army, do not spend time in teaching their soldiers that brisk exactitude which we demand from our men in the march-past; all they care for is that a regiment should cover the longest possible distance in the shortest time, and that the men should be as fit as possible at the end of the march. This does not tend to smartness on parade, and even the Guard in Paris do not march smartly. The British Horse

Artillery always have been the smartest in the world, and their gallop past at Aldershot could not have been equalled by any flying guns in the world. There is a sense of power about galloping artillery that the movement of no other troops gives, and I never see the guns go past at charging pace without realising how the British battery captured in the Peninsula burst its way to safety through the surrounding cavalry. The Mounted Infantry represented to the Frenchman the lesson the Boer War taught us, and it showed them what their own cavalry will look like by-and-by, for our neighbours are going to give their cavalry slouch-hats and long rifles in the immediate future.

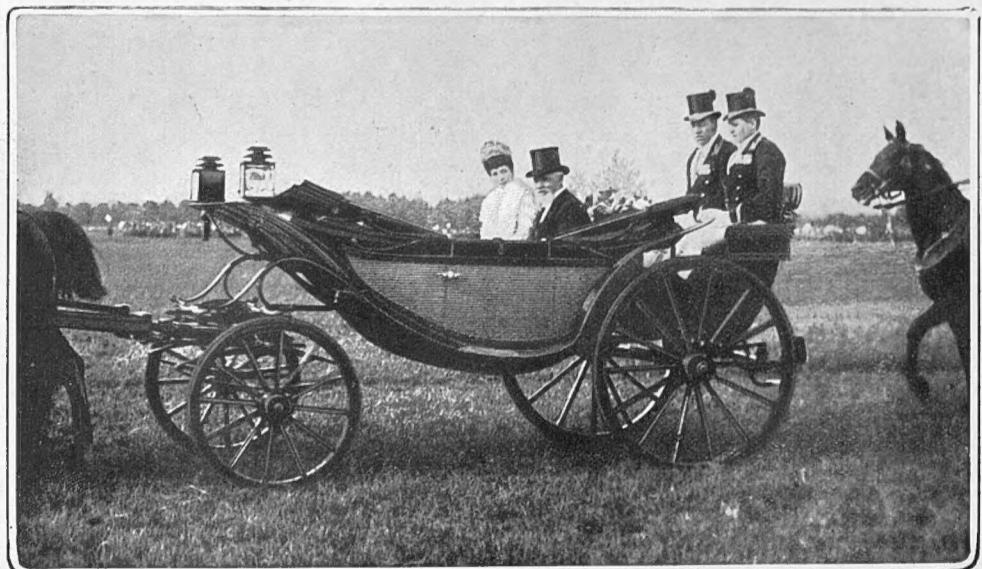
If M. Loubet had come to Henley with his Royal host—and surely the premier regatta deserves to be allowed to call itself "Royal"—he would have seen a sight for which there is no parallel in the world. The surroundings, the broad, straight stretch of river, the meadows, the wooded hills, the grey bridge, and the old church-tower help to give the scene its particular attraction, and the crowd is the brightest in colour that one can find west of Suez. The men being all in shirt-sleeves and flannels, straw-hats and boating-caps, the ladies being in summer dresses and most of them carrying coloured sunshades, make the crowd a mixture of the brightest and lightest tints to be found on a palette, and the crossing and recrossing of the punts and dinghies, moving continually but very slowly, gives constant change to the kaleidoscopic mass. This year, it seemed to me that the water was not as crowded as it generally is; the house-boats were not so many as usual and not so generally illuminated.

## THE LATE MR. W. E. HENLEY.

The death of Mr. William Ernest Henley at Woking last Saturday removed from the world of letters one of its most distinguished ornaments. Afflicted by ill-health from his birth and maimed as he was, his indomitable pluck and genius yet carried him far on the road to success. He was best known in this country as an editor and critic and as a strong Imperialist, his poetry, strangely enough, being better appreciated in America than here. Mr. Henley's literary output was comparatively small, for he would give nothing but his best, and that best was good indeed. Sufferer as he was, he could never endure to hear bad health pleaded as an excuse for indifferent literary work, for, as he himself put it, "It is an insult to England to offer her but of our best."

## THE PILGRIMS.

This Anglo-American social society, so ably piloted by Mr. Harry E. Brittain, gave another of their successful entertainments on Thursday last—on this occasion a luncheon at the Carlton Hotel to Rear-Admiral Cotton and some thirty officers of the American Squadron now in English waters. Lord Charles Beresford, who had welcomed the visiting men-of-war at Portsmouth, was in his happiest mood, and presided over a notable and enthusiastic gathering, a hundred and sixty strong, seated, in accordance with the Pilgrims' custom, at a series of round tables. After the loyal toasts and a combined Anglo-American cheer for King and President, Lord Charles, who had a great reception, proposed the United States Navy and offered the Fleet ten thousand welcomes. Admiral Cotton, who was loudly cheered, replied that he and those accompanying him felt that they were not among strangers, but among friends, cousins, and brothers. They had learnt many lessons from the British Navy—the greatest of all Navies—and in times past the officers and men of both Services had stood shoulder to shoulder in trying moments. It was on one such occasion, on the Pei-ho River, that the well-known phrase originated, "Blood is thicker than water." Another combined cheer for the United States and British Navies and a very merry meeting was over.



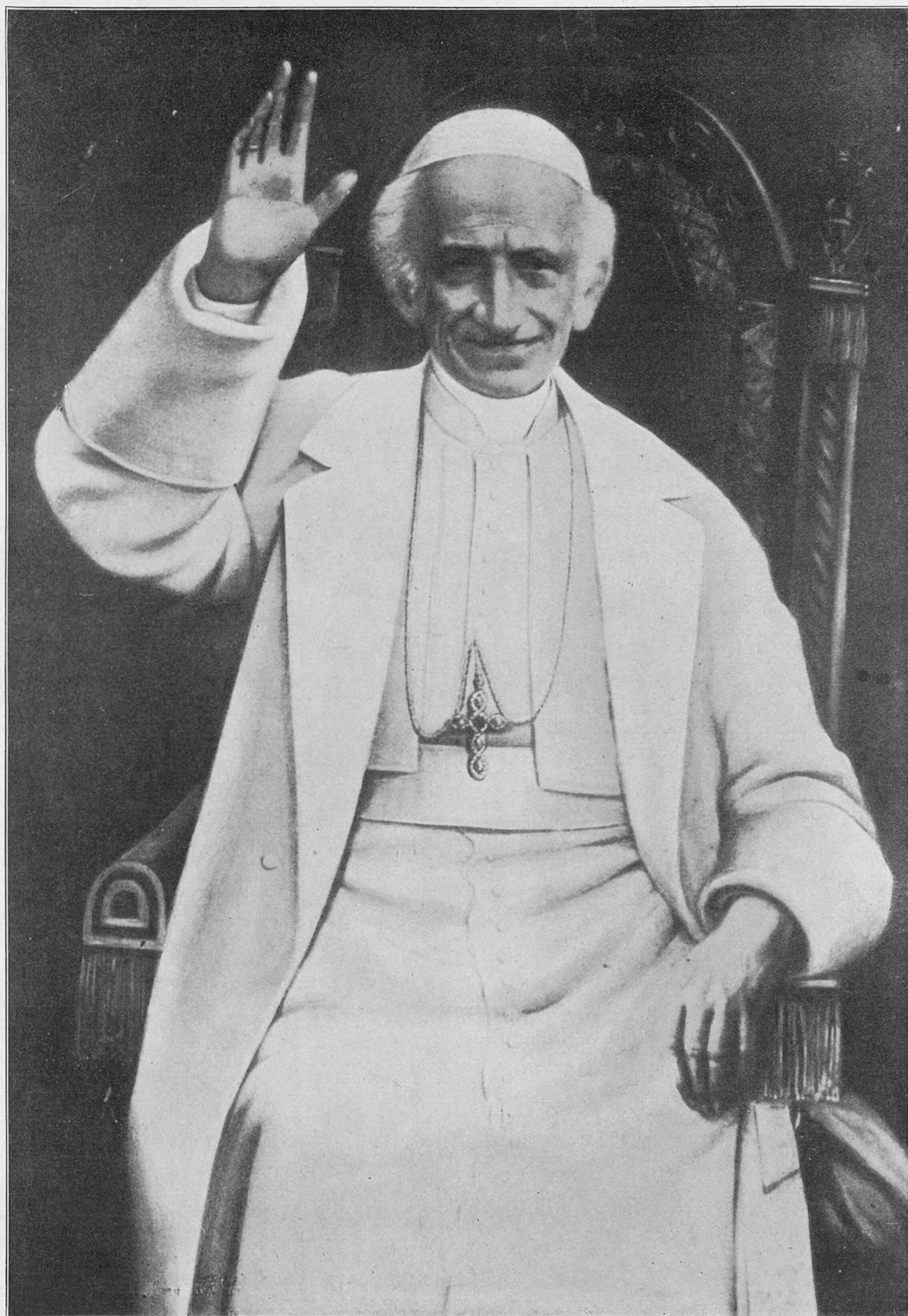
THE GREAT REVIEW: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND PRESIDENT LOUBET AT ALDERSHOT  
ON JULY 8.

*Photograph by C. Knight, Aldershot.*

JULY 15, 1903

THE SKETCH.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



of politicians united in giving our French guest a very hearty welcome, and it is pleasant to know how excellent an impression has been produced in Paris and throughout France.

*This Week's Great Social Function.* The ball at Grosvenor House—which, it is thought, will be attended by the King and Queen—is in some ways the most important social event of the week, with, of course, the one great exception of the dance last Monday at Marlborough House. The young Duchess of Westminster has had many noteworthy predecessors, and no minor London palace has seen in the past more splendid fêtes than did Grosvenor House in the days of the present Duke's grandmother, Duchess Constance, whose namesake the present mistress of Grosvenor House can count herself in a double sense, for, though known generally to her friends as "Sheila," she was christened Constance and so she now always signs herself.

*The Prince and Princess in Cornwall.* It is fitting that the representative of the famous old Cornish family of Boscawen-Rose should be the first host honoured by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their forthcoming visit to Cornwall, and his famous Cornish home, Tregothnan, has more than once entertained Royal visitors, who have rarely gazed upon a lovelier scene than that presented by the River Fal and the surrounding country. Lord Falmouth, in addition to his Viscountcy, holds through his mother the very ancient Barony of Le Despencer, one of the oldest of British Peerages. He had a very distinguished career in the Army, having fought remarkably brilliantly in both Egyptian Campaigns. He is a keen and successful sportsman, a popular member of the Jockey Club, and the owner of many famous racehorses past and present. He is known to his friends as "The Star," perhaps because he, as a boy, was one of the group who organised the Cricket Club known as "The Kentish Stars."

*Lady Falmouth.* Lady Falmouth is the eldest of Lord Penrhyn's six daughters. She is one of the most versatile of Peeresses, a fine horsewoman, a remarkably good skater; she is an assiduous frequenter of Prince's and an enthusiastic gardener: indeed, the lovely rose-garden at Mereworth Castle, Lord Falmouth's southern home, is one of the most delightful in the kingdom, and aroused some years ago the ardent approval of Dean Hole, the greatest living authority on roses.

*A Most Interesting Engagement.* The engagement of Lord Grenfell to Miss Aline Majendie is in some ways the most interesting of the Season. Lord Grenfell has spent much of his official life abroad; he has had a long connection with Egypt, and the

LAST week will live in the recollection of Londoners as having been the most brilliant of the Season. To say that President Loubet's visit was a success is inadequate: it was probably the most cloudless and pleasant four days ever spent by a foreign potentate in the Capital of our great Empire. There was not one jarring note, not one word written or said which could have been wished away. All classes, all ranks, and all shades

Khedive is known to regard him with special favour. In those days the bridegroom-elect was known to all and sundry as Sir Francis Grenfell; he was raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Grenfell of Kilvey last year, being at the time Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta. He has lately received an English appointment, and so is now once more stationed at home. His future wife was for some years one of the late Queen's Maids-of-Honour.

*Mrs. Roosevelt.* In America the mistress of the White House occupies a much more important social position than does, for instance, the wife of the President of the French Republic. In Mrs. Roosevelt the American nation see their ideal of a woman; she is a devoted wife and mother, while yet an accomplished woman of the world, highly educated, and able to hold her own with the Royalties of Europe. As most people are aware, Mrs. Roosevelt is her brilliant husband's second wife, and she is the step-mother of the clever young lady whose sayings and doings arouse so much public interest on the other side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Roosevelt has often been to this country, where she has many intimate friends. Few American women have led a more interesting life, the only shadow being the months of anxiety spent by her when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was fighting in Cuba at the head of the Roughrider Corps organised by himself.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROOSEVELT, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

*The Colonial Secretary.*

Mr. Chamberlain is best known to his fellow countrymen as a fighting politician, and few can deal harder blows or receive them with greater equanimity. In his own particular town, however, in addition to his business and political connections, he is Chancellor of Birmingham University, and in this capacity he recently conferred degrees upon some fifty graduates in science, arts, medicine, and dentistry. On this occasion he was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain and the house-party from "Highbury," which included Mrs. Endicott, Mrs. Chamberlain's mother. At the close of the ceremony the Colonial Secretary made an interesting speech, in which he referred to the development of the University from the old Mason College, founded by Sir Josiah Mason, and the munificent donations of Mr. Carnegie and another. A million pounds will be necessary to complete the University, and of this amount nearly half has been subscribed, the greater portion of which is being spent on the completion of the first buildings. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that Lord Rosebery need not go to Charlottenburg for his facts, since the Colleges of Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, in addition to Birmingham itself, are developing themselves upon technical lines. He thought that Lord Rosebery was too modest in asking for only four acres as a site for the proposed Metropolitan College, seeing that provincial Birmingham finds thirty acres of land all too small for the requirements of its own great technical institution.

When Lord Rosebery, in the preliminary discussion on the Motor Bill, remarked that the horse was a controllable animal, several other Peers laughed sceptically. Perhaps they had unpleasant memories. Still, Lord Rosebery knows a good horse, although, apparently, he does not love the motor. The Government provide in their Bill that all persons who drive a motor for hire or reward must be licensed. This does not satisfy Lord Rosebery. He insists on a licence for amateur as well as professional drivers. Amateur's driving their own horses for their own pleasure do not require licences, but the noble Lord considers the motor much more dangerous. As it will be difficult to reconcile the views of such men as Mr. Scott-Montagu and Mr. Cathcart Wason, it is possible that the Bill may not pass in the present Session.

*The Parliamentary Golfers.*

Peers, journalists, and clerks succumbed in the Parliamentary golf-handicap to two members of the House of Commons, the final struggle being between Mr. H. W. Forster and Mr. Marshall Hall, representatives of the Lobby and the Bar. Mr. Forster, who plays at scratch, is as distinguished in golf as he was in cricket when he had a place in the Oxford Eleven and in a team of Gentlemen v. Players. It was probably on the golf-course that his fine qualities became known to the Prime Minister, who recently made him a Junior Lord of the Treasury. Tall, athletic, and self-possessed, he has an easy style. Mr. Marshall Hall, with a handicap of ten, has done a good deal better than was expected.

*Physique and Population.*

Alarming statements have been made in the House of Lords. It was brought out in a debate raised by Lord Meath that many school-children, even in Edinburgh, are physically feeble, and that one-third of the recruits in the United Kingdom fail to stand the medical test. A Scotch doctor quoted by Lord Leven testified to the deterioration of the working classes, and attributed it largely to the fact that they had given up porridge and lived on tea, bread, jam, and tinned foods. The Bishop of Ripon at the same time declared that the birth-rate was decreasing in an alarming degree. He found that in 1901 there were eleven hundred thousand children fewer than there would have been if the former average had been maintained for twenty years. Other

Peers did not seem to share the Bishop's regret that families had become smaller, but there was a general feeling that the deterioration of physique demanded some attention, and the Duke of Devonshire promised expert inquiry.

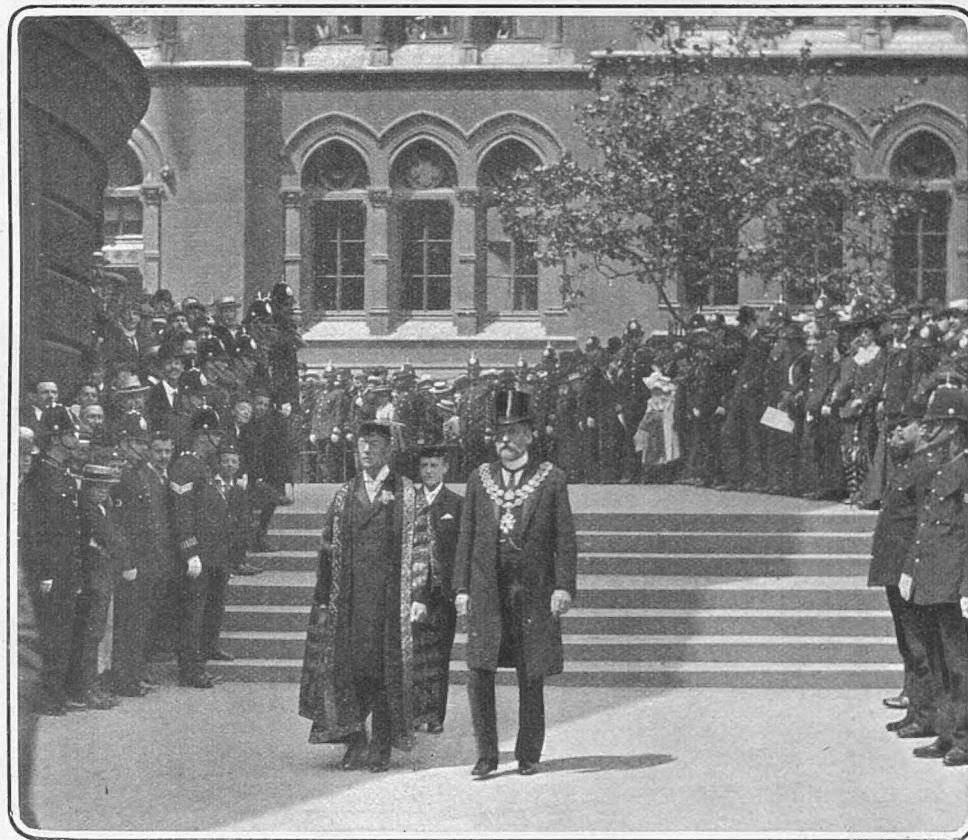
*A Notable Collection of Autographs and Letters.*

Mr. George Denholm, of Press Castle, near Reston, Berwickshire, has made an enormous collection of autographs and letters of eminent persons distinguished in every department of life which fills ten handsomely bound volumes, and for these he has just printed a catalogue of seventy-four pages. The collection is kept in a specially constructed cabinet, and the whole is insured for over three thousand pounds. In Volume VI., devoted to "Drama and Music," there are letters from a host of eminent members of the musical and dramatic world. Charles Kean, in a note of 3rd April, 1842, to a portrait-painter, tells him that he cannot afford him the sitting he has asked for—"But why ask it at all? Everybody says it is perfect; why, therefore, paint the lily or throw perfume on the violet?" Garrick is represented; so is A. W. Pinero, and the cast of "The Palace of Truth" in the handwriting of W. S. Gilbert is there. The collection also includes a note from Edmund Kean, from Wodend House, Isle of Bute, accepting an engagement to play Richard III. and Shylock in Dumfries Theatre. There is a quaint, embroidered autograph card in the handwriting of Helen Faucit. There is a note from Ellen Terry, dated July 1883, from the Lyceum Theatre, London, and from Mrs. Kendal to the effect that she has read "School of Fortesque," and finds she cannot study such a long part. The autographs of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Kate Santley, and Rossini are in this collection, as well as those of Edward Terry, Florence Terry, Macfarren, Ristori, Jenny Lind, Mendelssohn, Paganini. Other curios possessed by Mr. Denholm are the bottle presented by Burns to Clorinda; an extraordinary bronze head, with hole in the top for the insertion of an elephant's tusk, which belonged to the King of Benin; the second clock made in Scotland, and some fine specimens of Jacobean furniture. Press estate

is delightfully situated not far from the site of Coldingham Priory, and of Fast Castle, the "Wolf's Crag" of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

*Statue of Jules Simon.*

The statue of Jules Simon, which has been standing swathed in damp cloths on the Place de la Madeleine for some weeks (writes my Paris Correspondent), was unveiled with pomp and circumstance and many speeches by the Minister of Public Instruction and other officials. It stands, an excellent likeness of the dear old man, under the windows of the little flat upon the fifth floor where Jules Simon lived, worked, and received for nearly fifty years. The Sunday evenings in that little flat are among the most precious recollections of my early manhood, and in those small rooms I have seen almost every great man and woman of contemporary France, in politics, art, literature, and science. Gounod, Meilhac, Ferry, Floquet, Freycinet, and even General Boulanger and Henri Rochefort, were constant visitors on Sunday evenings, and forgot contrary opinions while nibbling sweet cakes, sipping lemonade, chatting with their friends, and listening to artists like Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, and Mounet-Sully, some of whom always helped to entertain the company *en bons amis*, for three months of the Simons' income would not have paid their ordinary fees. I remember one evening, when Boulanger was looking out of window, that M. Jules Simon took him and M. Constanis each by one arm, and laughingly remarked, "If you two could agree, there would be room upon the Place down there for the statues of one or other of you, possibly for both." He little thought that his own statue was to occupy the vacant space, for Simon was the most modest of the world's great men.



CONGREGATION DAY AT BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY:

THE CHANCELLOR (THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN) AND THE LORD MAYOR PROCEEDING FROM THE UNIVERSITY TO THE TOWN HALL TO CONFER THE DEGREES.

*Photograph by Harold Baker, Birmingham.*

*An Historic Apartment.*

of the great Papal Palace. The private apartments are on the first floor of the Vatican, and of the rooms which compose the suite the bedroom is by far the simplest and the most austere furnished. The modest appearance of the Papal bed-chamber is the more singular when seen in contrast with the splendid Hall of Clement VIII., always filled with a moving crowd of gorgeously attired Swiss Guards, Papal Chamberlains clad in their quaintly picturesque costumes of violet cloth, red-robed Cardinals, and Monsignori.

*A Little Story.* Many stories are told in Rome concerning Leo XIII.'s wonderful vitality and own personal belief that his term of life would be far greater than that given to most mortal men. On one occasion, a certain holy nun, whose prayers were said to be particularly powerful, informed the Pope, with much emotion, that she had prayed most fervently that His Holiness might live to celebrate his hundredth birthday. "Why fix a limit, daughter," the Pontiff is said to have replied, "to the limitless designs of God?"

*The Leonina Tower.* As most people are aware, the "Prisoner of the Vatican" spent many of the hot days of the Roman summer in the splendid gardens of the Palace. As an actual fact, he was not much in the open air, preferring one of the cool upper-chambers of the beautiful Leonina Tower, covered by a famous vine of which the fruit used to be picked by the Pope's own hand. From the windows of the curiously shaped room, hung with red silk, the Pope could see the Eternal City spread out before him. There, sitting so that the whole panorama met his eye whenever he raised his head, he worked when in health during many hours of each day.

*The Next Pope?* The whole world is asking who will be the next Pope. During the last ten years, Leo XIII. has again and again been announced to be dying, and his successor has been confidently predicted, and, by a curious irony of fate, the Holy Father has more than once seen the Cardinal who was expected to succeed him predecease him. Even as regards the result of a Papal Conclave, the unexpected always happens, and, as an old Roman saying has it, "Many a priest enters the Conclave a Pope only to leave it a Cardinal." In Italy it is widely believed that the saintly Carmelite, Cardinal Gotti, the most learned among the Princes of the Roman Church, has by far the best chance of succeeding Leo XIII. He is sixty-eight years old and has only been a Cardinal eight years. The superstitious point to the extraordinary Pontifical prophecy made by St. Malachy.

The comparatively small room which is known at the Vatican as the Pope's bed-chamber is in curious contrast with the more splendid apartments

According to this, the coming Pope will be "Ignis ardens"—that is, "ardent fire"—and it is pointed out that Cardinal Gotti's coat of arms contains a flaming torch. On the other hand, another Cardinal spoken of as likely to succeed—namely, Cardinal Svampa—is thought by many to have a better chance; curiously enough, his name actually means "To flash," "To burn brightly."

*Cardinal Rampolla.*

What will Cardinal Rampolla

do under the next Pope? It is not likely that the Cardinals will elect him to the high office, and the new Pope may not have the same political views as Leo XIII. and may not be so completely dominated by the astute Secretary of State. For fifteen years Cardinal Rampolla has acted as the Vatican's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and has shown great astuteness, coupled with a vigour and determination that have made him a formidable foe in council and have aroused the unsparing criticism and vigorous opposition of many of his colleagues. He reminds one, in his curiously strong, narrow outlook upon life and religion, of Pobiedonostzeff, Grand Procurator of the Holy Russian Synod. Cardinal Rampolla fought the losing fight of the French Nationalists and Clericals against Dreyfus, and inspired the *Voce della Verità*—save the mark!—and the *Osservatore Romano* in their anti-Semitic policy. Of all the Cardinals, the Secretary of State has readiest access to the Pontiff, and a man with Cardinal Rampolla's genius for intrigue does not, cannot fail to become one of the leaders of the Roman Catholic action throughout Europe. Monsignore Rampolla is no friend of Great

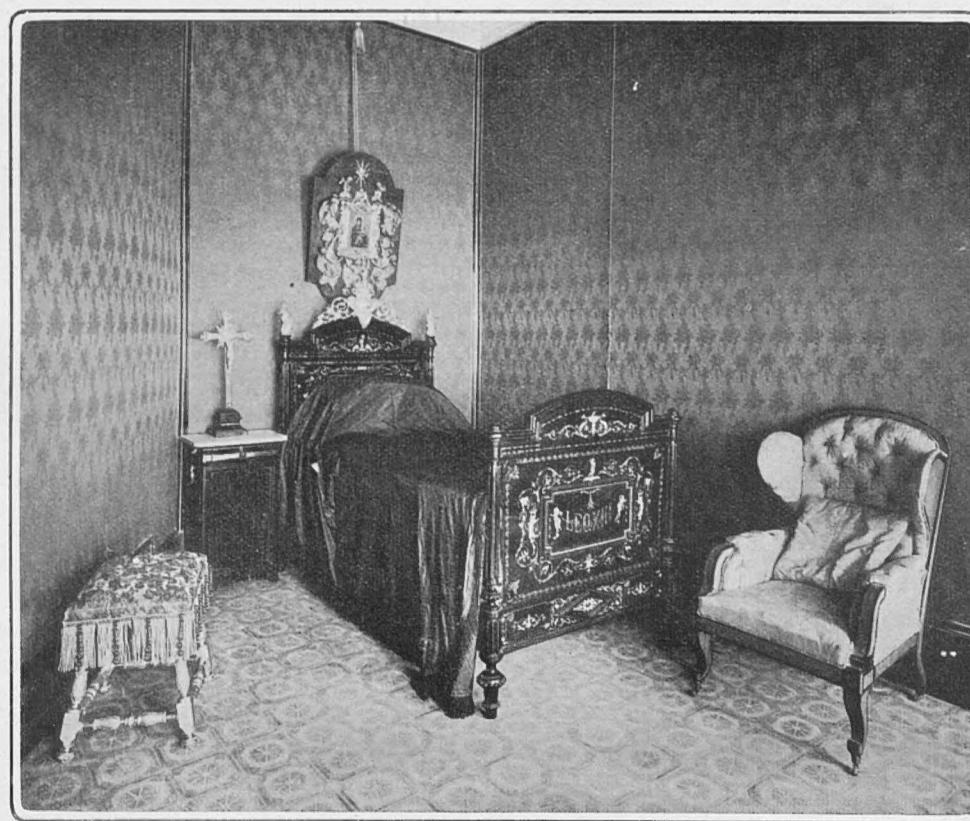
Britain, and has not failed to express his antipathy when occasion has offered. Yet it is but fair to remember that men like the militant Cardinal are quite necessary to carry on Rome's business, and that saintly old men like Leo XIII. are able to serve the Church only on her spiritual side.

*Reign of the Pope.* Counting from St. Peter, there have been two hundred and fifty-eight Popes, although the first to take the title was Gregory VII., in 1081. Leo XIII. was elected by

a majority of forty-four in 1878, and his reign stands fourth in length of the occupants of the See. St. Peter is said to have reigned as Pope for thirty-five years, Pius IX. for some thirty-two years, Gregory IX. twenty-six years, and Leo XIII. for over twenty-five years; but, as a rule, the term has been much shorter, only ten of the Popes having held the chair of St. Peter for more than twenty years. For the last three hundred years the Popes have been exclusively Italians and generally Romans, but in the Middle Ages foreigners were sometimes elected, and out of the two hundred Popes fifteen have been French, thirteen Greeks, three Syrians, and one an Englishman, so that this country takes a very modest place in the list.



IN THE VATICAN GARDENS: THE LEONINA TOWER, WHERE THE POPE WORKED WHEN IN HEALTH



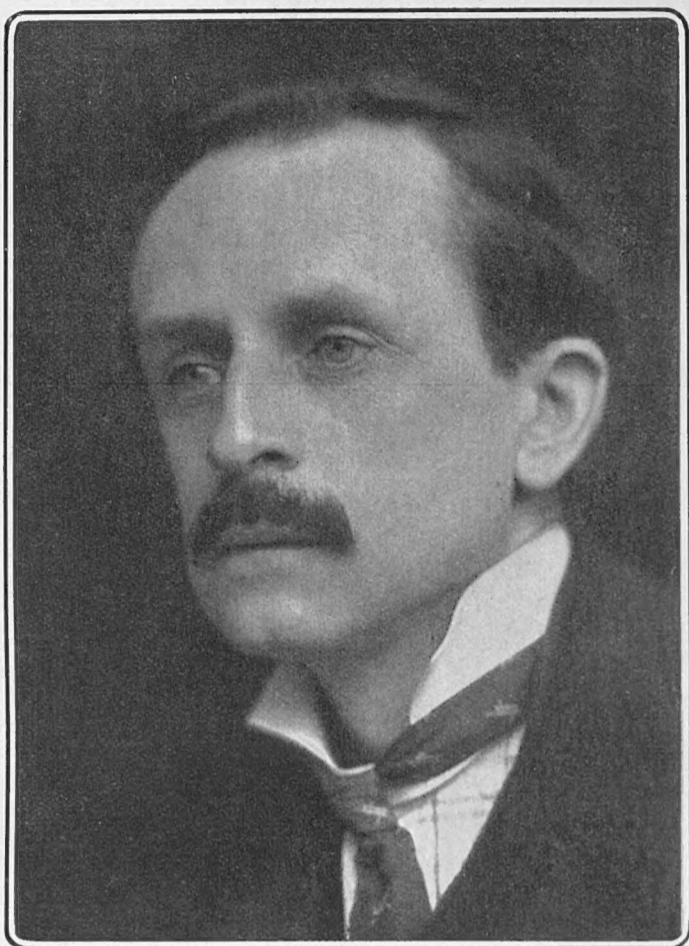
INSIDE THE VATICAN: LEO THE THIRTEENTH'S BED-CHAMBER, THE SCENE OF HIS ILLNESS.

*An Admirable Crichton.* Mr. J. M. Barrie, dramatist, novelist, cricketer, and man of letters generally, to a certain extent deserves the title of an "Admirable Crichton," the title which he himself gave to what has certainly been up to the present his most successful play. Moreover, there is "Quality Street," so that he has the unusual honour of having two of his plays running in London theatres at the same time. It is said that Mr. Barrie has, or, at any rate, had at one time, political ambitions, and coquetted with at least one constituency. He is a member of the Reform Club as well as of the Garrick, and it is pretty certain that, if he ever entered the House of Commons, he would be warmly welcomed there, for men of his delicate wit and nimble imagination are practically unknown at St. Stephen's. At the same time, it may be doubted whether his physique is strong enough to stand the strain of Parliamentary life. He has a delicate, rather small frame, though very likely he may have in reserve the characteristic toughness of the Scot.

*Hubert Henry Davies.* The production of "Mrs. Gorrige's Necklace" and "Cousin Kate" proved an admirable answer to the carping pessimists who mournfully persisted that we had no new playwrights; it is seldom, however, that plays by a hitherto comparatively unknown author hold the bills of two West-End theatres at the same time, and the critic may, therefore, perhaps be partially excused. Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, the author in question, is not still in his teens, as the ingenious paragraphist, with inborn love for the infant phenomenon, would have had us believe; nor is he merely youthful in middle-age as a barrister or a politician is youthful. He spent some years in America, and his first dramatic work, a dialogue-sketch entitled "A Dream of Love," was produced at a benefit performance in San Francisco three or four years ago. This was followed by a one-Act costume-comedy, "Fifty Years Ago," which is still played occasionally at the "vaudeville" houses on "the other side," and "Cynthia," staged at the Madison Square Theatre in March of this year. Mr. Davies has shown in "Mrs. Gorrige's Necklace" (the run of which, by the way, concludes at Wyndham's to-morrow, probably to be continued at the New Theatre in the autumn) and in "Cousin Kate" (which, also by the way, was written and accepted before "Mrs. Gorrige's Necklace") that he is a deft workman, with a well-developed sense of humour and the power to produce good "lines." His two projected new plays, one for Sir Charles Wyndham and one for Messrs. Maude and Harrison, will be eagerly awaited.

*For Languorous Londoners : The Botanic Gardens.* The pretty Gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, in the Inner Circle of Regent's Park, though so near the centre of London, are practically unknown to the general public. Until quite recently, admission was obtainable only by members and subscribers, or those fortunate enough to obtain orders from Fellows. Now, however, that rule has been to some extent relaxed, and on certain days of the

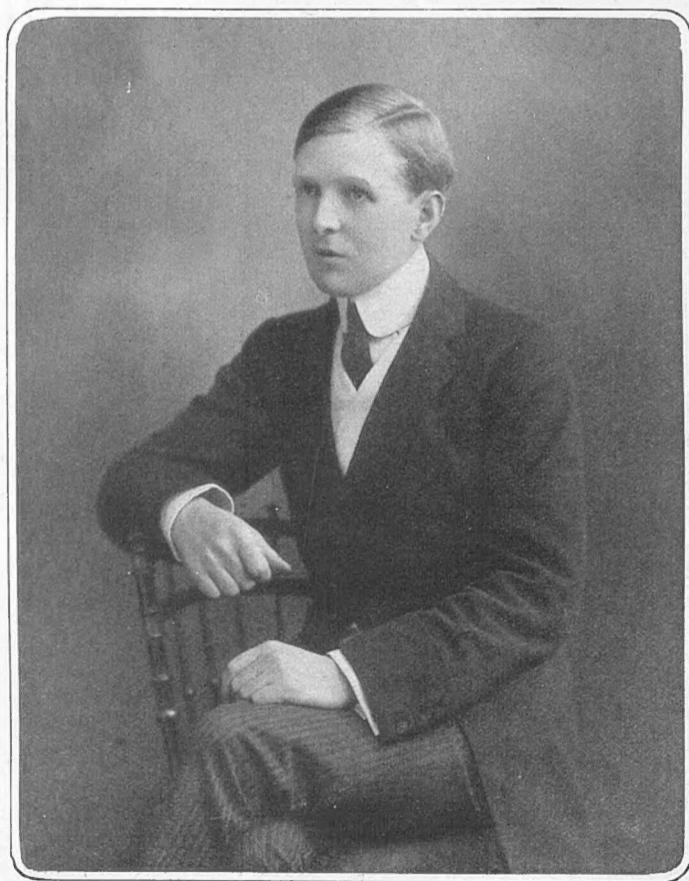
week and on Bank Holidays the gardens are thrown open to the public on payment of a small sum. On any ordinary day the visitor might well fancy himself hundreds of miles away from the busy city, for



PLURALITY IN PLAY-WRITING: MR. J. M. BARRIE, AUTHOR OF  
"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" AND "QUALITY STREET."  
*Photograph by Beresford.*

the gardens, while comparatively small, are so beautifully laid out that they seem almost limitless. The trees, too, are exceedingly fine, and the little lake is remarkably picturesque.

The Royal Botanic Society was formed in 1839, for the promotion of botany and the formation of Botanical Gardens within the Metropolis, and is composed of Fellows and members. On its practical side, it has a School of Gardening, and extends facilities to botanical and art students, besides distributing many thousands of specimens annually to various schools and colleges. The Botanic Gardens are, however, better known as the scene of fashionable summer exhibitions and fêtes, and within the past week or two the Mermaid Society has been giving a delightful series of pastoral plays and masques on the green-sward, with the lake as a picturesque background. Perhaps, however, the Gardens are seen at their best on the occasion of a Children's Fête such as that organised last week by the Countess of Ancaster in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at which Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Royal children were present. The little folk enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, and take part in pageants, ballets, pastoral plays, and "lucky tubs" with a zest that might well arouse the envy of "Languorous Londoners."



PLURALITY IN PLAY-WRITING: MR. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MRS. GORRIGE'S NECKLACE" AND "COUSIN KATE."

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

*Picturesque Views of North Wales.* For picturesque beauty on a railway journey it would be hard to beat the trip along the North Wales coast. From Chester to Carnarvon there is a continuous series of charming health and tourist resorts, each of which has its peculiar charms and attractions. Perhaps the first place of special interest is the rapidly rising watering-place, Colwyn Bay. Here is a fine, sweeping bay, lovely hill-and-dale scenery, and trees in abundance. A few miles further on we come to Conway, undoubtedly the most picturesque of all the old towns in Great Britain. The Castle is a feast of beauty to the eye and the whole district a veritable paradise to the artist and photographer. Passing Aber (where is situated the finest water-fall in Wales), Bangor, and other noted beauty-spots, we come to Menai Bridge. The two bridges—the Suspension and the Tubular—are, perhaps, too well known to require description; they are two of the world's wonders. Continuing our way along the Straits, Carnarvon soon comes in sight. Here we have another famous and wonderful Castle, with a wealth of historic associations. It is in a better state of preservation than Conway, hence not quite so picturesque. Turning inland, a short railway journey brings us to Llanberis, the famous Penrhyn Quarry district.

That riots and Ministerial crises should take place over that favourite ingredient of puddings, the currant, seems almost impossible to us in England, but, nevertheless, the little fruit has been, and is, the cause of intense excitement in Greece. For the last few years the market for Greek grapes has fallen off largely, and, as the harvest has been unusually good, the vineyard owners have huge stocks of which they cannot get rid. The consequence is that some parts of Greece are in a state of semi-starvation. The reason for the falling-off in the export of currants is that, as the French vines are now in a healthy condition, Greek grapes are no longer imported into France to be made up into French wines. When the vineyards were suffering from the phylloxera, quantities were used by the French, but now the demand has fallen off and there is no other market to supply its place.

*A City of Tents.* is Coronado Tent City, close to the famous Coronado Hotel, on the coast of California. It is a veritable City of Tents, where the holiday-seeker can rent one of these canvas dwellings for a day, week, or month, or pitch his own tent if desired.



"THE FISHER-GIRL."  
From a Photograph by Clive Holland.

The tents, which are of all sizes, have good floors, covered with Japanese mattings, and are furnished with beds, linen, tables, chairs, and other things. Outside every tent there is a water-hydrant, and a bin for refuse, which is cleared every day. Persons residing in the tents can cook their own meals on cooking-stoves provided, or take them in the big tent-restaurants. A furnished tent for two may be had for a fortnight for two guineas. In addition to the attractions of bathing, boating, and fishing, there are golf-links, a floating Casino, and a band.

Collectors of postage-stamps have

hard work to keep up with the constant changes in the stamps of minor States. The revolution in Servia has been responsible for three sets of stamps being current in a month. First, there was the issue of the ill-fated Alexander, which was replaced immediately after the murders by a set bearing merely the Arms of Servia. King Peter is now issuing his own stamps, bearing his head, and it will, of course, be necessary for collectors to have all three issues. But it is hopeless to try to keep pace with the stamps of wretched little half-caste Republics. A new issue of postage-stamps has now become a well-recognised method of raising the wind among the minor States.



A CITY OF TENTS.  
Photograph by H. J. Shepstone, Amher Road, Clapham Common, S.W.

*A Distinguished Egyptian Journalist.*

of a brilliant series of articles contributed by him to the principal native Egyptian journal, *El Moayad*, of which he is the founder, proprietor, and editor.

The Sheich Ali Bey Yussef does not come to this country now for the first time. Last year he paid a flying visit to London, Manchester, and other leading provincial towns, which formed the theme

Ali Bey Yussef, who was educated at the great seat of Moslem learning, the University of El Azhar, Cairo, with its thirty thousand students, is still quite a young man, and, besides being a successful and clever journalist, is recognised as the mouth-piece of



A DISTINGUISHED EGYPTIAN JOURNALIST:  
SHEICH ALI BEY YUSSEF.

*Photograph by the Anglo-American Photography Co., Cairo*

enlightened Mussulman opinion in the Valley of the Nile. He was, some two years ago, created a Bey by His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, and has received decorations and tributes of esteem from the Shah of Persia and other monarchs.

Though the British administration of Egypt has been subjected from time to time to trenchant criticism at his hands, he is a sincere admirer of England, her people and institutions. The Sheich is a very prominent member of the General Assembly, one of those representative institutions created by Lord Dufferin which were arrested in the growing and still present a stunted appearance.

*The Lady Tennis Champion.* The recent Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon for the All-England Championships attracted the largest attendances on record. The fine weather was in part responsible for this, but undoubtedly the interest in the doings of the aspirants for Championship honours was the principal factor. Miss M. Robb, the holder of the Ladies' Championship, did not attend to

defend her title, and so the final round was fought out between Miss D. K. Douglass and Miss Thomson, the former winning by two sets to one. In conjunction with Mrs. Pickering, Miss Douglass also won the Ladies' Doubles at the same meeting. Miss Douglass is certainly one of the best lady players who have ever contested for Championship honours, and in ability she approaches the most famous Champions of the other sex. She has been successful in many important matches in addition to those fought out at Wimbledon.

*A Wonderful Old Lady.* Last week the venerable Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn celebrated her ninety-first birthday, being surrounded by her children, her children's children, and her great-grandchildren. This wonderful old lady can probably look back on having spent a happier, and it might almost be said worthier, life than any other feminine wearer of the strawberry-leaves now living. Born in the purple, she was a daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and the grand-daughter, through her mother, of the Duke of Gordon. Her marriage to the then Marquis of Abercorn took place when she was twenty—that is, seventy-one years ago. It was followed by an ideal union of fifty-three years, the bridegroom



MISS LILIAS EARLE, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING MISS MARY MOORE'S PART IN  
"MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE" AND "THE LIARS."

*Photograph by Madame Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*

ultimately becoming the first Duke of Abercorn. As a fine old man, he was known to all and sundry by the nickname of "Old Splendid." A considerable number of the Duchess's thirteen children are very distinguished; they include, among her sons, the present Duke of Abercorn and Lord George Hamilton, and, among her daughters, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Lansdowne, and Lady Blandford. The veneration and affection the wonderful old lady inspires in her innumerable descendants is touchingly proved by their great anxiety that she should be present at all the family weddings. The Duchess has transmitted what was her great personal beauty, said to have been specially noted when she was a child by George IV., to her grand-daughters, a lovely group which includes Lady Pembroke, Lady Katherine Brand, the Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Evelyn Cavendish, and Lady Wicklow.



MISS D. K. DOUGLASS, LADY TENNIS CHAMPION.

*Photograph by Russell, Wimbledon.*

*The Bismarcks.* A new sprig has been added to the family of von Bismarck. Prince Herbert von Bismarck is now the happy father of three children. He has received congratulations from all parts of Germany on the advent of his little son. Many of our readers will recollect the marriage of His Highness in 1892 to the Countess Hoyos. The "Iron Chancellor" was then in disgrace with his Imperial master, and the shadow of Court disfavour extended even to the marriage of his son.

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

**PARIS.** The Princess Mathilde, whose attack of paralysis and consequent fall in her bedroom at Saint Gratien last week created great alarm, owing to her advanced age, for she is eighty-three, is a daughter of Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte, and, therefore, "Plon-Plon's" sister. She is best known in Paris nowadays as the aunt of the two young Napoleons, to one of whom, Louis, who is a General in the Russian Army, she means, if rumour be correct, to leave her enormous fortune, for Princess Mathilde is one of the richest women in France. There has been a rush of Royal personages to Saint Gratien, the Duchess d'Aosta and Princess Clotilde ("Plon-Plon's" wife) among others, and Louis Napoleon, who is in Tiflis with his regiment, has been telegraphed for. Prince Victor, the Pretender, can naturally not come. Besides, Princess Mathilde is not particularly fond of him. Princess Clotilde had never been in France since 1870, and nothing but her sister-in-law's weak health could have prevailed on her to come.

The old Princess Mathilde possessed the last of those salons which have been famous in the history of France. All that was great in literature and in the arts crowded to the old lady's Wednesdays, and hers was the one private house which the Czar of Russia visited when he was last in Paris. The Government had invited the old Princess to the Invalides, where a ceremony in honour of the Czar and of Napoleon took place; but she replied, with the biting sarcasm for which she is famous, that she "had her own keys to her uncle's tomb, and preferred to visit it without any ceremonial." The Czar, accompanied by a Secretary of his Embassy, then called incognito on the old lady, and next day she went to the Invalides and had a formal meeting with Czar Nicholas and M. Félix Faure there. It was a reconciliation between the old régime and the new. Princess Mathilde's wit is notorious. Some years ago, when her nephew, Prince Louis Napoleon, was on a visit to her, and in the Salon of the Rue de Berri had expressed his determination to enter the Russian Army, the old Princess, who did not like to lose the best-loved of her nephews, exclaimed, quaintly, "I don't see why you should, but I suppose you think you must because there's been one soldier in the family already!" The soldier referred to was, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte.

**BERLIN.** The breaking-up of the schools in Germany has been followed by the usual stampede to the sea and the mountains. Fabulous numbers are recorded in the traffic-returns for the opening days of July. From one Berlin station—the Stettiner Bahnhof—nearly one-third of a million holiday-makers have been transported this week to the shores of the Baltic, and the procession of baggage-laden cars to other points of departure—for the North Sea, for Saxon Switzerland, and the Harz Mountains—is still proceeding, apparently interminable. From the Emperor, who has started on his tenth annual cruise to

Norwegian waters, and Count von Bülow, who is staying at Norderney, down to the humblest shopkeeper, all Germany seems to be keeping holiday. One really wonders that there are any people left in Berlin.

In former years, the better-situated classes closed their flats altogether, drawing tight the blinds and appending to the front-door a notice to callers of their absence. It was a public notification to housebreakers to make the best use of their opportunities. Many Berlin families have returned from their holiday to discover that their bedrooms and kitchens had served for the accommodation of thieves.

They then adopted the custom of leaving their servants in the flat during the vacancy. But this was an extravagant custom, and it was deemed cheaper to transmit to the care of the concierge the duty of cleansing and guarding the empty dwellings, after having given timely notice to the servants to terminate their engagement. The concierge system not proving satisfactory, most of the empty dwellings have now been placed under the supervision of a newly established institution.

**ROME.** Leo has been the chief subject occupying the mind of Rome for many days. After so many rumours of the Pope's failing health, which were quite without foundation, the news came with something of a surprise that he was seriously and, indeed, dangerously ill. The Pope suffered from insomnia, and this fact led, on the 3rd of July, to his rising earlier than customary, so that he was ready for a drive in the gardens an hour before the time for which the carriage had been ordered. Contrary to the advice of his suite, His Holiness went down to the garden and walked for a quarter of an hour before his carriage came. This apparently trifling deviation from the doctor's régime was attended with most serious consequences.

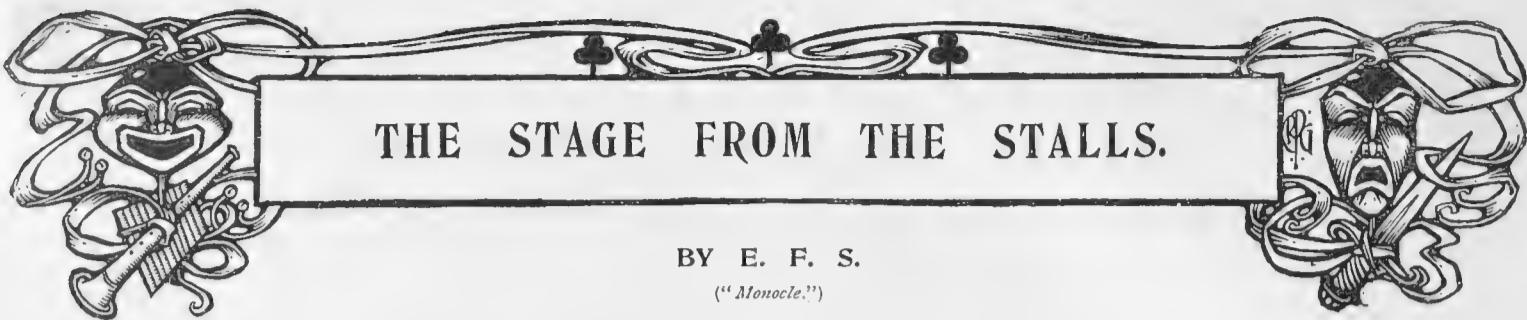
The first carefully worded bulletin issued on Sunday yet caused alarm, and many people assembled in the Piazza San Pietro watching those who passed to and from the Vatican, and prayers were said in all the churches for his recovery. At eight o'clock the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered, and there was a general expression of belief that the Pope had not many hours to live. His Holiness displayed to a wonderful extent the clearness of his mind in his desire to attend to his ordinary occupations.

At this time the subject of the Secret Conclave comes naturally to people's minds. The funeral obsequies of the Pope over, the Cardinals assemble, and after hearing Mass they go in solemn procession into Conclave, accompanied by the Pontifical Choir singing the "Veni Creator." Here, after taking a vow to observe the forms of election laid down by the constitution of Gregory XV., each Cardinal retires to a small cell. The Conclave is placed under lock-and-key, no one being allowed to enter or to leave until the election of the new Pope is an accomplished fact.



MISS FANNY DANGO, A CHARMING GREEK MAIDEN IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE LAST OF THE GAIETY—"SAPHO" IN THE COURTS.

THE event of the week has been the closing of the Gaiety, the third of the theatres compelled to disappear owing to the great Strand improvements. It would be polite, perhaps, to say the fourth, and take the New Olympic into account, but that hapless building has long been apparently dead. The Globe is not to be rebuilt, the Opéra-Comique is to have no successor, but the Gaiety is to be revived under circumstances which certainly will enable journalists to use fine phrases about the Phoenix; up to now they have had nothing more gorgeous than "The Gaiety is dead—long live the Gaiety!" The affair has been deemed of almost national importance. Accident, ill-luck perhaps, caused the closure of the Lyceum to seem indefinite, so one may put it aside and then express a doubt whether there would have been so much fuss about the extinction of any other London theatre as there was concerning the exit of the Gaiety. To say this involves no uncharitable reproach. The distinguishing feature of the Gaiety, like the distinguishing feature of John Hollingshead's "Historiette and Remembrances" of the playhouse, has been candid commercialism. "Practical John"—a term apparently a little bitter of Mr. Hollingshead—is cruelly plain-spoken in calling himself a commercial manager. There is an almost indecent lack of humbug about him; in fact, whilst, on the one hand, severe upon the critics for failing to treat the Gaiety from the right point of view, on the other he seems almost immodestly modest concerning his policy as a manager. However, accepting his propositions as fairly accurate, one cannot help wondering why so much polysyllabic enthusiasm should have been shown concerning the playhouse in question. It would be easy to understand an exhibition of deep feeling in connection with the successful conclusion of a sincerely artistic enterprise, or with the disastrous ending of a brave venture into the regions of art; but it seems difficult to sympathise with the tears and cheers that were heard at the close of the first volume of a strictly commercial venture.

Obviously, this involves some reproach to the public, but not necessarily to the two practical men who have been managers successively of the Gaiety Theatre from the 21st December, 1868, to last Saturday week. During the first eighteen years, willingly or not, the playhouse produced or revived a large number of valuable works and presented many great British and foreign players, and it is obvious that Mr. Hollingshead, even if ignorant of the fact, had a decidedly catholic taste. Mr. George Edwardes has been Managing Director of a Limited Company, one of those entities which, according to high judicial authority, have neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned—I trust that I am correct in a quotation that has not found a place in any page of my stock-in-trade as a journalist. How long the Gaiety Company has existed I do not know, but obviously the duty of its Managing Director has been to earn money—artistically, if he could, but, anyhow, to earn money; and the result has been remarkable. Mr. George Edwardes introduced the so-called musical comedy at this house, and during a period of eleven years and a-half, setting aside four productions which taken together occupied a year, he has presented seven musical comedies which, on an average, have run for a year and a-half apiece. No wonder that prodigious sums are spent on mounting them and that they are chopped and changed until they "catch on"; in fact, the copy-book maxim, "If you don't succeed on the first-night, try, try, try again," has been acted on successfully. Mr. Hollingshead's description of the musical comedy appears accurate: ". . . A little of the old burletta and a little of the old vaudeville, most of the best elements of farce, a dash of the French revue—a stage compound that has never been very fashionable in this country—and much that would not have been out of place in Parisian opéra-bouffe. The framework would allow of anything being taken out or put in, differing in this very little from the Gaiety burlesque, and the term 'variety show' applied to many of these productions had obviously been 'lifted' from their predecessors." Of course, one cannot expect anything like a work of art under such circumstances; consequently, while fully appreciating the success of the entertainment, I find the enthusiasm a little puzzling.

However, I can look back to many very agreeable moments, due, indeed, chiefly to the dancing of Kate Vaughan and Miss Katie Seymour and the singing of Miss Florence St. John. Miss Letty Lind's best work as singer—if the term be correct—and dancer was not given at the Gaiety. It has been very disappointing that such a class of entertainment has produced so little in the way of admirable dancing. One might name half-a-dozen noteworthy Gaiety dancers within my time, but with some difficulty, and the fact has been obvious that even they have marred their work by being required or allowed to endeavour to act or attempt to sing. It is only just to state that one of

them, Kate Vaughan, developed into an actress of considerable ability, though her acting was of nothing like the rank of her dancing, and that Miss Letty Lind became a "sayer" of songs in a very charming way. How far this lack of development in dancing is a question of national characteristic, how far a question of the peculiar circumstances of the theatre, and to what extent it is due to the fact that the dancers are not taken young enough and that they are not sufficiently industrious, I do not pretend to say. I have heard on most excellent authority that in the two great homes of ballet in London there is a marked difference between the English and foreign dancers, in that the former practice sedulously of their own accord, whilst the latter cannot be induced by flattery, bribes, or fines to do more than an irreducible minimum of work.

Presumably, the new playhouse on the other side of Catherine Street will continue the traditions of the theatre that has just closed its doors. Musical comedy will be its staple as well as the curiously inaccurate description of the entertainments, and there will be the marked but hardly analysable difference between the Gaiety pieces and the Daly plays. One thing certainly should be asserted in favour of the Gaiety: it has not pretended to be artistic, it has not attempted to dispense with jokes that it would not be wise to explain to the maiden of bashful fifteen, but, on the whole, although the term "Gaiety Girl" has been used uncharitably, the playhouse has had associated with it a franker, cleaner style of humour than, as a rule, has been connected with the term "musical comedy."

The litigation concerning "Sapho" is not ended, and it would be peculiarly ill-becoming in me to write injudiciously concerning a cause still *sub judice*. Yet, assuming the newspaper accounts to be correct, I cannot help wondering why the learned Judge, who has been using the word "repulsive" energetically, has not been asking himself whether the extraordinary remedy of an injunction should be applied even if the defendant is wrong in his contention. The term "extraordinary remedy" may seem rather out-of-date to lawyers, since, nowadays, injunctions are granted "while you wait": indeed, I can remember some years ago hearing a late Lord Chief Justice—not the late Lord Chief Justice—say that since the Common Law Courts have been given the power of granting injunctions, they have exercised it with an undiscriminating liberality which has caused the horse-hairs in the wigs of the Chancery Division Judges to rise up in horror. There was a time before the famous, somewhat futile, Judicature Acts when the Lord Chancellor or Vice-Chancellors would have refused an injunction to protect "Sapho," and left the plaintiff to seek his remedy at Common Law, on the ground that the play, whatever its commercial value, was of a character that deprived it of the right to the protection of the peculiarly equitable remedy. In this respect, perhaps, the piece in question is not much out of the common, since, under the amiable—or, should I say, wishy-washy?—reign of the present Censor, many plays are passed that would have horrified the old rulers of the Equity Courts; and some are permitted to be given in French which would have caused them to dash their wigs to the ground. It is curious, indeed, that, side by side with strenuous efforts by innumerable Associations to purify society, we should find a greater and greater laxity accorded to the theatre to deal with unsavoury subjects without any pretence at a moral aim. Daudet may have believed that his novel would have played a helot part to his son, for he came from the South of France, where people have heated brains that enable them to deceive themselves amazingly. Zola, no doubt, thought that "La Confession de Claude" was a tract, and, perhaps, was not altogether wrong; but the American playwright who omitted in his stage version some of the bitter lessons shown in the novel and displayed in the French drama can have had no delusions as to the nature and probable results of his work. The hardship is—and this is the reason why I touch upon the subject—that plays of the "Sapho" class are confounded with serious comedies of the so-called "problem" type—for instance, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—and tarred with the same brush by clumsy critics, so that efforts to produce a real modern English drama are indiscriminately abused and hampered because of a slight superficial resemblance to works of the "Sapho" and "Zaza" type. Strangely enough, those who attack them have never a word to say against the frivolous pieces which, by frank appeal to the senses, may in the case of the young and eager-blooded prove dangerously over-stimulating. We have, indeed, had "Sapho" to a nauseous degree, and it is deplorable that the three great French actresses should have given what, on the whole, is a dull as well as vulgar piece, though the French work is much more entertaining than the American version, in which one has a vastly tedious piece.

## ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A SUMMER STUDY.



MISS AGNES FRASER, THE BEAUTIFUL SAVOYARD

*Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.*

## FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: II.—THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



THE NAPOLEON WILLOW.

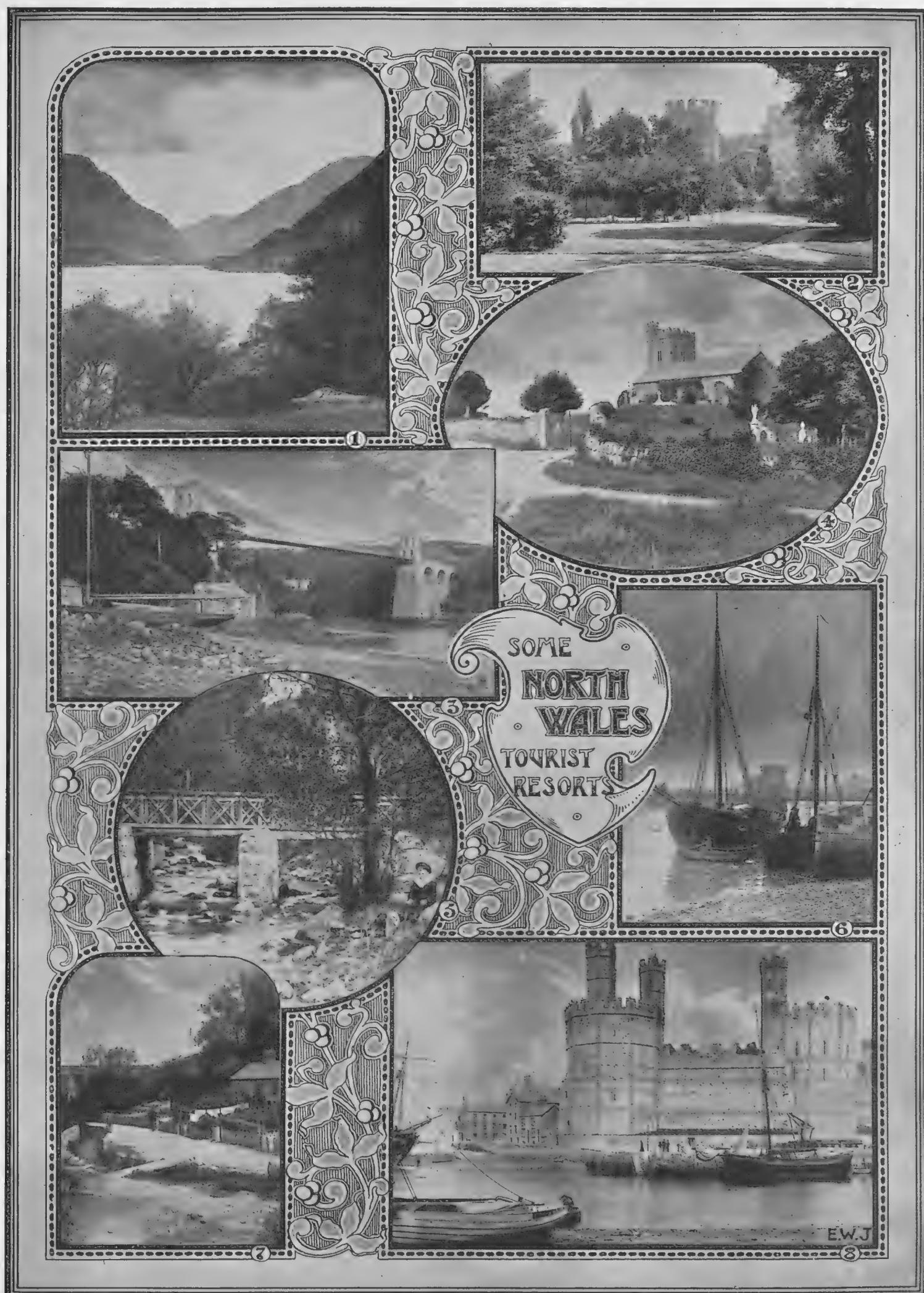


RUSTIC BRIDGE AND LAKE.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

## HOLIDAY HAVENS: NORTH WALES.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



1. LLANBERIS. 2. CONWAY CASTLE. 3. MENAI BRIDGE. 4. LLANDRILLO. 5. ABER. 6. CONWAY. 7. COLWYN BAY. 8. CARNARVON CASTLE.

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXVIII.—“PIAZZA DI CASTELLO,” BROWNSEA ISLAND.

THE late owner of Branksea, or Brownsea Island, as it is now called, designated this charming old Castle as the “Piazza di Castello.” The Right Hon. George Augustus Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., who for many years resided here, was a well-known art-collector, and during his lifetime showered upon this island home every imaginable kind of antiquarian treasures from foreign countries. The place itself has, indeed, quite a foreign appearance, as the quiet waters, the pine-trees feathering the shore, the turrets and loggia, the bathing-steps and terraces of the Castle washed by the incoming tide, all lend an air distinctly of other lands. Its old fountains and statues, its huge stone washing-basins from some ancient and forgotten monastery, fragments of carving, tablets, and capitals of columns are to be found everywhere. Above them all towers the square Tudor keep, a patch of warm red-brick colour backed by the pine-woods.

This magnificent old Castle, together with the whole of Brownsea Island, is now the property of Mr. Charles van Raalte, who is well known and very popular. This year he is Mayor of Poole, and, with this official position, he also, *ipso facto*, becomes Admiral of the Port of Poole, a position particularly fitting to one who is the owner of this Castle with all its interesting associations in the dim past. Of this dim past Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. Cuthell, in his valuable work entitled “A Sailing Guide to the Solent and Poole Harbour,” gives some facts which are worth recording. He says—

On Branksea Island in the reign of Henry II., the Abbot of Cerne, in Dorset, built a chapel and a hermitage, and the right of wreckage, in those days considered a lawful perquisite, was granted to Cerne. Canute landed here in 1015. Queen Elizabeth gave the Castle and island to her favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton of terpsichorean fame. There was much jealousy between the Governor and the Mayor of Poole respecting the dues payable by ships entering the harbour. The vessel naturally objected to pay twice, and Sir Christopher demanded his due at the harbour mouth, the Mayor at Poole Quay. Into one recalcitrant brig the Governor fired a broadside from the battery of six cannon, marked with the Royal rose, which still lie rusting under the pines on the sand-cliff facing the entrance. The vessel sank, and Sir Christopher received a reprimand from his mistress and was dismissed.

In 1852, Colonel Waugh, a distinguished Indian officer, bought the island. He faced the stern red-brick with pseudo-Gothic mullions, oriel, turrets, and lancets in white stone, and embellished the interior

with dark panelling, oak stairs and balustrades. He erected upon a knoll a church, which was afterwards adorned by Mr. Bentinck with a Florentine font, Venetian candelabra, and a Murillo in the baptistry under the tower. He reclaimed some hundreds of acres of land, built clusters of cottages in various parts, and discovered the valuable china-clay pits. Mr. Bentinck afterwards restored and completed the Castle,

from the flat roof of which is a fine view—from the Needles to the Dorset Downs, and of the harbour. The island is some five miles in circumference, and quite charming is the walk round the edge, under the pines, across the heather, along the sand-cliff, past the lovely mere called the decoy-pond, through the woods, ablaze with rhododendrons, and by inland lakes back to Battery Point, the trim terraces, and the winter gardens round the Castle. The shooting on the island is good from a sportsman's point of view, and, from a picturesque one, as pretty as the most fastidious gunner could desire. Pheasants thrive well on this soil, while the wild-fowl which congregate in the decoy are very varied. There are a few deer, which roam about at will; while as for bird-life, it would appear to be the veritable home of all song-birds. A private steam-launch is used in connection with the Castle

and Poole, but letters are delivered by a postman, who sails a small boat with consummate ease in these at times somewhat dangerous waters.

The Castle, as it is now, is quite perfect, both within and without. The taste, the colouring, the arrangement of the priceless works of art of historic interest, the old armour, pictures, and china, all go towards making an enchanting whole, simply ideal in every respect. So far as the interior is concerned, Mr. and Mrs. van Raalte have managed, with great skill, to introduce the comforts of the present day without detracting in the slightest from the old-world air which attaches to so ancient a building. Perhaps the most striking amongst the maze of beautiful things in the Castle is the wonderful collection of musical instruments. Guitars galore, of great value, of every possible age and shape, adorn the walls of the “Musick” Room. Here, too, are an ancient and very beautiful piano, the inside of which was painted by Rubens, Marie Antoinette's spinet, and other valuable and ancient instruments with histories attached. All are works of the highest art, but space will not permit of detailed description.

L. B. W.

The Hon. Rosamond Tufton.



Mrs. van Raalte.

Miss Clow.

MR. CHARLES VAN RAALTE AND PARTY.



BROWNSEA ISLAND: THE LANDING-STAGE

## BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



"PIAZZA DI CASTELLO," THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES VAN RAALTE.



THE BATTERY OF OLD GUNS IN THE WOOD OVERLOOKING POOLE HARBOUR.

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN I am in a motor-car I recognise quite keenly the absurdity of allowing pedestrians to cross the track just because it is a public highway. When I am a pedestrian, I wonder why our laws permit people to drive motor-cars on public roads, and I have a profound conviction that every man or woman who passes by me on a car is exceeding the speed-limit and ought to be punished severely. It is clear that most people share my views and that the morals of the motor-car depend upon the place from which they are observed. If the petroleum lays its offensive trail far behind you, there is nothing objectionable in its use; while, if you are strolling in the road, your rights as a citizen of a world-empire are rudely threatened when the "teuf-teuf" warns you to return promptly to the pavement. In spite of the existence of two definite attitudes, I think that friends and opponents of the motor-car will welcome Lord Balfour of Burleigh's new Bill, and hope that, after due criticism has been meted out and considered, the well-meant measure may find place upon the Statute Book. It is a common mistake of the non-motoring public to believe that every motor-car driver sets out with the idea of reducing the number of able-bodied pedestrians, and motor-carmen are just as much in error when they allow themselves to believe that people linger in the roadway in search of an accident and a grievance. There are Hooligans among motor-men, and there are "officers and gentlemen," and, as we know, it is not always easy for the unprejudiced observer to say where the one class ends and the other begins; but Lord Balfour's Bill should enable us to find out.

His many friends will congratulate Mr. Walter Harris upon the occasion of his escape from captivity. At time of writing, one learns that he was exchanged for sixteen prisoners of the Angera tribe. The men of Angera are a rough, unsavoury lot, and are always giving trouble, but, so far as I can hear, the clever *Times* Correspondent was better off than most prisoners in their hands. He was allowed to communicate with his friends, and to send home for clean clothes, so it is safe to presume that he was properly fed and sheltered. The average man who falls into the power of Morocco's unruly tribes has the very worst of times. He is attacked by all the native insects, a notable and hungry crowd; the women and children insult him with a devilish ingenuity; and he is very fortunate if he escapes actual ill-treatment. The natives do not always mean to be unkind, but treatment they can endure with equanimity is fatal to a European. It was fortunate for Mr. Harris that he speaks the language and understands all the customs of his captors.

RESOURCEFUL BY-STANDER: *Don't git playin' abaart, Guv'nor! Sit on 'is 'ead!*

While President Loubet was in London, I was much struck by the gallant attempts made by gentlemen of the gutter who had programmes to sell to pronounce our visitor's name. I think they would have given it up as a bad job had business been less brisk, but, happily for them, there were countless collectors of the souvenirs and programmes they had to sell. "Buy a programme of Mr. Loobert's visit," said one vendor to me at Piccadilly Circus when the crowd was gathering to see the President drive to the Guildhall. "'Ere yer!" said another gentleman a few yards higher up; "Pressyden Loobee's visit, lustered, one penny!" I made slow progress as far as the Post Office, where another industrious person besought me to buy a Japanese handkerchief with "Monser Loobar's diry." Finally, I was invited to purchase a very gorgeous programme of "Mr. Loobee's arrangements." There might have been further variants of the same theme, but the carriages began to pass to the City, and I had time to notice that the President's hat was lined with white silk and that M. Delcassé, the cleverest statesman in the service of France, was allowed by the crowd to pass unnoticed. Perhaps they thought that the simply dressed gentleman who was looking round with unfeigned interest at the decorations and the crowd had got into the State-carriage by mistake. It is probable that his utterances, could they be given to the world, would be found more interesting than anything that was reported during the Presidential visit.

I am getting tired of the Passive Resistance practitioners, and hope they will be called to their normal share of sense at the earliest possible moment and in the sharpest possible fashion. If this country were ruled after the fashion of Russia, they would be heroes; as things are, they are merely—Passive Resisters. It is so very

obvious that if the majority makes a law all men must abide by it that one cannot help realising the bad taste of the resistance, active or passive. The Education Act may be a mistake from start to finish; but if the sense of the public is against it there will be no difficulty in finding another Government to repeal or modify the measure. That is the constitutional method of dealing with a grievance. The Passive Resistance method smacks of notoriety-hunting, and reminds one of anti-vaccinationists and similar unpleasant people. I expect that examination would reveal the majority of the resisters in the light of people who are always "agin the Government" and have established their sole claim to attention by making a noise. The Act, like any other enactment that is unpopular, can be treated effectively by sound constitutional methods.



## SOMETHING LIKE A PEDIGREE.

VISITOR: I hear I must congratulate you on the engagement of your son. What an extremely nice-looking girl she is!

MRS. NOLONGER-BROWN: Yes, and so well connected, too. In fact, I've been told that her ancestors were relations of the Spanish Armada.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. METHUEN have engaged in a great enterprise—no less than a complete and unabridged translation of all the novels of Dumas. There will be seventy-seven volumes, only a few of the novels being omitted. Of these, at least thirty have never been translated into English. The translations will be all new, and will be supervised by Mr. Alfred Allinson, assisted by a competent staff. The price of each volume of the ordinary edition will be sixpence and each novel will be contained within one volume. It is not surprising to hear that some will be issued in double volumes at a shilling. Mr. Andrew Lang will prefix an Introduction to "The Three Musketeers"; but the rest, apparently, are not to be prefaced. Only a very large sale can compensate the spirited publishers, and I heartily hope they will have general support.

The book-trade is now very quiet, and the publishers are busy in getting ready for October. Some of them, especially Messrs. Methuen and Messrs. Hutchinson, are to be active all the year and are to send out new books even in the dead month of August.

M. Maeterlinck has given an interview to a Paris journal. It will not surprise his readers to find that he names, as the man who has exercised the most direct influence on his ideas, Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Later on, he learned English without difficulty, and, after having enjoyed intimacy with Shakspere, penetrated into the dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan age, and was dazzled by it. In fact, he becomes eloquent, not to say gushing, over the Elizabethan dramatists: "I found that those contemporaries of the great writer, his emulators and rivals, were enchanters. I admired that incredible efflorescence of an unheard-of freshness; it seemed to me that I had just entered an exuberant

and umbrageous sacred grove, where living springs burst forth, in which I quenched my thirst with copious draughts." After that came his study of the English poets, notably Shelley and Browning.

I learn from the surveys of Continental literature published in the *Athenaeum* that naturalism in fiction flourishes on the Continent, though practically dead for the time in this country. It seems to be particularly prevalent in Denmark amongst lady novelists. The chief of this school is Mrs. Agnes Henningsen, who recently published a very big book entitled "Lepers." It treated of love as a sort of contagious leprous condition. From different quarters this book was attacked for its gross sensuality and its lack of moral feeling. In Germany and in Poland there are examples of the same phenomenon. One of the most popular novels in Poland is entitled "Anima Vagous," and is a melancholy picture of married life cast in the form of a young girl's memoirs. In Russia the new novelist is R. Andréev. In a story entitled "In the Mist," he introduces a youth suffering from the consequences of a vicious life, the torture of his position being increased

by the fact that he is in love with a good woman. The story attracted attention partly because it was subjected by the Countess Tolstoy to very severe criticism. She published a letter in which she found fault with the tale, and considered it likely to corrupt youth. There followed a controversy, in which Andréev was defended on the ground that literature does not exist for the education of schoolboys.

A cordial welcome is due to Judge Parry's new and revised edition of the Letters of Dorothy Osborne. The publishers, Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes, of Manchester, deserve great credit for the dainty get-up of the book. Judge Parry has made the present text from copies

of the originals; and it seems to be practically final. He has modernised the spelling and has carefully rearranged the letters. They are as delightful as ever. The one fault I have to find with Judge Parry is that he does not give us a fuller account of Dorothy Osborne's married life. It was not so bright as it promised to be. More use might, perhaps, have been made of Courtenay's excellent book—a book to which Macaulay did scant justice. It was a genuine contribution to biographical literature.

From a memorial sketch of the late Frank R. Stockton, written by his wife, we learn that "The Lady or the Tiger?" — the most famous of all Stockton's stories—was written to be read before a Literary Society of which he was a member. It caused so much discussion in the Society that he published it in the *Century Magazine*. In a short time the little tale had made the circuit of the world. Debating Societies everywhere seized it as a topic; it was translated into all languages, letters were sent to nearly every periodical in the country about it, and public readers expounded it to their audiences. An English friend told

Mr. Stockton that in India he had heard a group of Hindoos gravely debating the problem. Stockton was a scientific inventor of plots, and also invented and patented some engraving-machines. Among his favourite notions may be named his idea of going to the North Pole under the ice, and the fancy that the centre of the earth is an immense crystal.

I understand that the Life of Dean Farrar, which his son is preparing, will not be ready for publication this year.

Among the English books commanding great sales in America two are conspicuous, "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "Wee Macgregor." The new Carlyle Letters are having a good circulation in Boston, and Mrs. Thurston's novel, "The Circle," is also mentioned in several lists. The favourite American books continue to be the two stories by Mrs. Rice, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary." Another book which takes a good place is Bacheller's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles."

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION." — XI. THE TELEPHONIC STYLE.

## AUNTIE'S HUMOUR: A COMPLETE STORY.

I BOUGHT the poison at the chemist's. It was prussic acid, I think, or something of that kind. Anyhow, it was a strong dose.

Auntie welcomed me with open arms; I put down my cheek to be kissed. Auntie did the same. We remained for some little time in this absurd attitude, until at length Auntie remarked gently—

"No, dear; it is your place to kiss me."

At such a juncture it was out of the question to object. I kissed my Aunt.

"Now, my dear nephew," she observed, leading the way out of the hall into the drawing-room, "tell me all your news."

I complied. With my hand on the cork of the bottle which contained the poison, I told the old lady that my mother sent her fond love, and my sisters undying affection. I did not add, however, that I had been sent down by my family to expedite my Aunt's demise.

The good lady seemed by no means ashamed of her own long-livedness. On the contrary, she struck me as being aggressively chirpy. And her health! It made me positively ill to look at her.

"You look well, Aunt," said I.

"Yes, Reginald," she said, complacently smoothing out her silken gown; "I see no reason why your old Auntie should not become a centenarian."

"Bar accidents," said I to myself, fingering the cork of the bottle.

"My doctor," continued Auntie, beaming in her most robust manner, "often jokes with me on the subject of my wonderful health."

"Does he, indeed?" said I, seeing small cause for merriment in the situation.

"Oh, yes," assented my Aunt, cheerfully; "we have many a good laugh over it. I think it does me good to laugh, so you must be very funny, please."

"And so funny will I be," I muttered, inwardly, "that your best friends shall wish I had been duller." Aloud, I said, "With pleasure, Aunt."

"Now, dear," said Auntie, "if you will ring the bell we will have some tea."

This was the crucial moment. Tea! What could be better? Many an old maid ere now had been done to death by the aid of the cup that cheers whilst it inebriates.

My Aunt laboured under the universal delusion that she could make tea better than anybody else in the world.

"First, warm the pot, my dear," she chattered, fussing around the room like an animated fashion-plate of the Georgian era; "first, warm the pot, Reginald, and then put in the tea—one spoonful for each person, and one for the pot."

I nodded.

"Be particularly careful," said my Aunt, "to pour on the water the very moment that the kettle boils. That," continued the worthy lady, suiting the action to the word, "is a thing worth knowing. Then cover up the tea with a cosy—never put it by the fire to draw—and let it stand for seven minutes. Not more. Seven minutes only."

At length the tea was ready. We drew up our chairs to the table and sat down.

The little bottle in my pocket trembled in its agitation. I must delay no longer. A whole family of impetuous brothers and sisters were at this moment depending on my pluck and cunning to free them from their overwhelming pecuniary embarrassments. Yes; I must make away with this our only wealthy relative whilst her will remained in our favour.

"Excuse me, Auntie," said I, peering into her cup, "but I think—I think I see a small fly in your tea."

"My dear child!" exclaimed my Aunt, leaping to her feet with deplorable agility, "say anything but that. To think that my delicious tea should be entirely spoilt by a horrid little fly! Your eyes are younger than mine, dear; see if you can extract the thing for me."

My heart stood still! She had played into my hands!

I took up the cup and walked over to the window. My Aunt hates the light, and invariably sits with her back to the window. It was done in a moment.

"Thank you so much, dearest," murmured Auntie, gently stirring the poisoned cup with her tea-spoon. "But you always were so obliging and thoughtful for others. I almost think I must make a special . . ."

She paused. This was interesting. A special what?

". . . I almost think, dear, I must make a special provision for you in . . . you know what."

When I had got any breath to hold, I held it.

Auntie was still stirring that fatal tea, sublimely ignorant of the fact that one of the ingredients was an absurdly large dose of prussic acid.

"I must confess to you, Reginald, that I had not determined to make any particular exception in your favour; still, no one can be so changeable as an old maid, you know. And in this case, my dear, I am inclined to think that I may have been a little bit hasty."

"But Auntie," said I, "you . . ."

"Now, no expostulations, my dear boy; I am talking so fast that my tea must be quite cold."

She raised the cup to her lips. It was too much. I could not sit calmly by and see £5000, perhaps, swept away in a draught of lukewarm tea mingled with an overdose of poison.

"Aunt," I shrieked, "don't drink!"

With the cup at her lips, Auntie paused and gazed at me in mild wonderment.

"My dear nephew," she exclaimed, "don't say it's another fly!"

"Auntie," I exclaimed, tragically, "I believe it is!"

The old lady put down her cup hastily and strained to see the creature.

"My eyes are so bad, dearest; I cannot see any fly at all. Do you look, my own boy; you are so clever at these things."

"Well," I said, carefully extracting the second imaginary insect, "you can't possibly drink it now, that's quite certain. At the same time, it is a thousand pities to waste such exquisite tea."

"Dear, careful lad!" said Auntie, with her back still turned to me.

I poured the mixture away and we finished our meal in the most jovial manner. Sometimes my conscience pricked me when I remembered the dear ones who were fondly running up bills on the strength of the old lady's murder, but then, I reflected, it would be but a poor return for my Aunt's hospitality to poison her with her own tea. We parted on the best of terms, and the last thing she did was to kiss me on the bridge of my nose in mistake for my forehead.

Six months later dear Auntie died a natural death. I insisted on being chief mourner and bearing the expense of the funeral out of my own pocket.

The will came as a surprise to her relations. Dear Auntie, who was always something of a humourist, left the bulk of her property to a hospital.

"And to my nephew Reginald, in memory of our little tea-party, I bequeath the faithful old mirror that faces the window in my drawing-room."

GRAHAM GLOVE.

"MAKE LOVE WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



(N.B.—THE EDITOR DESIRES TO STATE THAT HE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE OPINIONS OF HIS ARTISTS.)

THE HUMOURIST IN FRANCE.



THE CURÉ'S FÊTE-DAY.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.

MRS. MOLYNEUX'S  
PARLOUR-MAID.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

"AUNT GRACE," announced Miss Bawn Desmond, coming in tired and wet, "I've made up my mind to go out as a parlour-maid."

"My dear," cried old Miss Quinn, who was only "Aunt Grace" by courtesy, lifting her thin old hands, "what a shocking idea!"

In spite of the hard day she had had interviewing possible and impossible employers, tramping from one agency to another, there was something victorious and triumphing in Miss Desmond's air. It was the thing that hindered her preferment in the positions of governess, companion, and all such genteel employments where meekness is a thing desirable. At this moment, she was standing by the fender, with one slender foot on it, quite heedless of the steam arising from her wet garments. She was wearing a long coat of palest-grey homespun which enclosed a very beautiful figure. The big grey hat with gulls' wings in it and the veil which she had not troubled to lift hardly dimmed her brilliant hair and the imperious flashing of her large blue eyes. A girl not made for meekness certainly, but with a capacity for love and softness which none knew better than the delicate, stately maiden lady who had been her mother's old friend and would fain have kept Bawn for ever under her roof.

The girl absolutely looked her name, which is the Irish for "fair." She was fair and abundant. Already, indeed, there was a little suggestion of matronliness about the flowing lines of her beautiful figure framed for motherhood. Since she would never see twenty-five again, the suggestion but added to her beauty. Her eyes were large, well-opened, blue, her teeth white and even, her lips red, her complexion rosy. She was, indeed, the last person in the world to tread those dusty paths of spinsterhood which are the ways of governesses and companions.

"A woman offered me twenty-five pounds to-day, Aunt Grace," she went on, scornfully. "I asked her how much she gave her cook, and she was so taken by surprise that she answered me. She gave her sixty pounds a-year. I asked her how long she supposed it had taken me to acquire my languages and my music. They all looked at my hair as though it were something disgraceful. My poor oriflamme!"

She took off her hat and looked at her hair in the glass, patting it affectionately as she did so.

"It is quite true that it is what that horrid Mrs. Graham Kerr called 'very remarkable.' A young woman who has to earn her own living shouldn't be endowed with such hair."

It was beautiful hair of so vivid a tawny as to be almost orange. There was a great abundance of it, and it curled and rippled and crinkled and waved in a bewildering fashion.

"I wonder if I could get it all under a cap?" the owner said, still caressing it.

"Oh, go away, do!" cried Miss Quinn, in a despairing voice. "Go away and get off those wet things, and come back and talk sense!"

Miss Desmond went obediently. She had begun to notice that uncomfortable steam herself. Presently she returned in a loosely fitting gown of orange-tawny velveteen, the very shade of her hair, which was curiously becoming to her. She was as magnificent a creature in her way as the great cat, as yellow as a tiger, who sat blinking at her from the hearth-rug; but she was not the least bit in the world feline, although she had claws, as some of her would-be employers had felt.

"I'm in earnest, Aunt Grace," she said, seating herself, and allowing Selim, the cat, to make himself cosy on the tail of her gown. "To-morrow I am going to look for a parlour-maid's place. There are no genteel places any more—or, at least, they are wretchedly paid. No, I can't stay with you, dear; we are awfully comfortable together, but you know your annuity would just keep us, no more. I feel I'm eating Selim's and Monsieur's bread, as it is. Not that Monsieur would grudge it to me, the dear!" She lifted a small white Pomeranian on to her knee and kissed his forehead. "And I must send money home to Ballintubber. There's the step-mother and all those young mouths. I promised Dad I'd be good to the step-mother: and she was good to me when I was a kid."

It was no use Miss Quinn's protesting, weeping even. She knew that once Bawn had made up her mind it was useless trying to move her. She was never quite sure when Bawn was joking; and a remark of the girl's that there was only one alternative to the parlour-maid plan, and that was to walk with the unemployed shaking a collecting-box, reduced the old lady to a terrified compliancy. She was never quite sure of what Bawn might do.

"You know," she said, during one of the days that followed when Bawn was dismissing, or being dismissed by, possible or impossible mistresses, "you know you'll never be able to keep a parlour-maid's place. You won't be . . . respectful enough . . . and—and"—Miss Quinn had her handkerchief to her eyes—"you never could conceal your dislikes."

"I know," said Bawn, with grim humour. "If a man looks at me as I feel he oughtn't to—they probably will: I'm afraid I have rather remarkable hair—he won't get his glass filled; on the other hand, I'll keep the nice men's glasses filled to overflowing."

"No one will keep you."

"Yes, someone will, when I've found the person I want to live with. There are lots of nice people looking for parlour-maids; there are only Gorgons looking for governesses and companions. When I find the right person, she'll never give me up once she has seen my tables and my care of the plate and house-linen. She will wonder how she ever endured those sluts."

Those days following had many adventures, even to the arriving of envelopes addressed to Miss Desmond as "Brigid Desmond"—she had thought it wise to suppress her real name, as not being within the grasp of the ordinary employer—containing letters beginning "Brigid Desmond" in a naked brevity.

"It seems a rather inhuman way," Miss Bawn said, quite enjoying the old lady's stormy indignation. "Some of them would be for calling me 'Desmond,' but I shan't hire out with them. The lady who shall be my mistress will be one to call me 'Brigid,' and even to say 'please' to me."

Sure enough, one evening Bawn came home triumphant. She had got "a place" as parlour-maid in a flat, and a record amount of wages, namely, forty-five pounds a-year.

"How did you manage it?" asked Miss Quinn, softly weeping into her handkerchief.

"I asked for it and I got it," said Bawn, triumphantly, "although if it wasn't for Ballintubber I'd almost serve her for love. Such a sweet old lady, Aunt Grace—almost as great a darling as yourself! The Honourable Mrs. Molyneux is her name."

"There were Molyneuxes of Templebredin," began Miss Quinn, but Bawn was too excited to listen to her.

"This time next year," she said, "she won't part with me for a hundred a-year. There's a cook who will have to go. If ever I saw thief written in a human face! I know she has been robbing that old dear. It is the sweetest little doll's-house of a flat! I shall easily be able for it, cooking and all. If we want anything extra, we can have it in. For once, Aunt Grace, I am going to be done with the affliction of servants."

It was in vain for Miss Quinn, who was a County Clare woman and connected with every title in the county, to protest. A week later saw Bawn, with a modest tin trunk on top of a four-wheeler, driving off from the little house that was always so kindly willing to shelter her. She was in the highest spirits, the least bit in the world damped by the sight of Miss Quinn in tears on the door-step.

"Never mind, dear!" she called back. "I'll come every second Sunday afternoon and every one of my evenings out. I shan't have anyone to walk out with, you see, and it's ever so much nicer than being a governess."

Some time later, she was standing before Mrs. Molyneux in the little slice of drawing-room that held so many beautiful things, looking taller, more opulently built than ever, her hair more flamboyant than ever, in her plain black frock and white cap and apron.



The old lady was looking at her in a puzzled way.

"My dear," she said, "you are a lady, surely, are you not?"

Bawn repressed a mischievous impulse to answer, "No, please 'm; a parlour-maid," which was on the tip of her tongue. It seemed an impertinent thought, taken in conjunction with the kind, anxious old face opposite to her. Instead she blushed, and the blush gave her an expression of charming softness.

"I am a lady parlour-maid," she said.

"Ah! I have heard of such things. And are you sure you can do my work? You're not doing it for a jest or to write about it, are you, my dear?"

"I should never think of such a thing," said Bawn, indignantly.

"You won't scratch my plate, will you? I have some very beautiful old plate. And I should expect you to do certain things for me which my maid would do for me if I had a maid—to mend my laces and wash my fichus, and make my caps and things of that sort."

"Try me," said Bawn, laconically.

The old lady looked at her anxiously.

"I took a fancy to you, my dear, the minute I saw you," she said, "and that explains my engaging you. As I said to my nephew, Captain Gerald Aylmer Molyneux, you were not at all the person I imagined as a parlour-maid. Your hair, now . . ."

"You won't notice my hair in time," said Bawn, coaxingly. "And I am going to be *such* a comfort to you. Only, if you please, Mrs. Molyneux, I'd rather no one but you knew I was a lady. No one at all."

"Not my nephew? Why, I tell him everything."

"It can't interest Captain Molyneux," Bawn said. "I never meant to have told you. It's a false sort of position. Why a lady parlour-maid? I can be a parlour-maid and a lady without its being explicitly stated. Let it be our secret."

Mrs. Molyneux had a thought: the reflection of it flashed in her face. The girl was gloriously handsome. If her nephew knew that she was a lady, he might be attracted by her beauty. He would insist on treating her rather as a lady than a servant. Yes, it would complicate matters. "Very well then, my dear, I shall not tell him," she said. "And I am so glad that I have put you a folding-bed in the little dressing-room off my own room. I thought it would be convenient when I wanted you to do things for me. I felt that I could not ask you to occupy the same room with Jane."

"I am sure Jane snores," said Bawn, with a glint of humour in her eye.

It was not long before things came to a crisis with Jane. Jane

objected to having a young person in the kitchen who had a way of looking at her with that humorous and observant gaze. It was impossible to say that Brigid did not do her work. She did it, indeed, with a thoroughness and exquisiteness unknown in kitchen annals, which was another cause of offence. Jane didn't think her hair respectable either, and altogether disapproved of the new parlour-maid.

"My dear, she is so dreadfully sullen!" said Mrs. Molyneux, piteously, one afternoon when it was Brigid's evening out;

"I am really afraid to be left alone with her, and that is why I have asked my nephew to spend the afternoon and dine. Perhaps she will give us no dinner, and I am sure she will not wait. Sometimes I think that Jane drinks."

"When is her month up?" asked Bawn, with a sudden air of decision.

"To-morrow."

"Will you give me her money and make me housekeeper for this afternoon, Mrs. Molyneux?"

"My dear, what are you going to do?"

"To dismiss Jane."

"I have wanted to do it for five years and have never dared to. I'm afraid Jane wastes; mine is such an extravagant establishment for its size. I wouldn't mind, only that I haven't really much money of my own, although my dear boy, Gerald, is so good to me."

"There is no reason why your money should go into Jane's pocket," said Bawn, quietly. "Give me the necessary power."

"And the dinner? I don't want my nephew to do without his dinner."

"I shall see to that."

"Hadn't you better wait till he comes? Jane is so dreadfully violent."

"She will not be violent with me."

After Bawn had left her, Mrs. Molyneux listened with her gentle old heart in her mouth for an explosion that should shake the little flat; but all was silent within the room flooded with afternoon sunshine and sweet with growing flowers and flowers in vases.

Bawn could not have spoken yet. It was a relief to hear Captain Gerald's key in the door. He had a latch-key for his aunt's flat, and came and went as he would.

"There is some odd sort of drama going on in your kitchen, Aunt Sybilla," he said, coming in. "The door was open, and I saw your new parlour-maid standing, like an angry goddess, one side of the table and a heaped-up person whom I took to be Jane the other."

Within half-an-hour Jane was out of the house. The details of that encounter Mrs. Molyneux never knew, although after Jane had gone she noticed Bawn, with a strange smile, folding some filmy old laces, which she had not been able to find of late, away in the drawers.



[DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.  
She was standing by the fender, with one slender foot on it.]

"MRS. MOLYNEUX'S PARLOUR-MAID."

Also, in the days that followed, various trinkets and pieces of plate, long missing, were returned to their places.

"I'm afraid it was compounding a felony," said Bawn; "but she gave up all the tickets, poor wretch! And I didn't think you'd like the publicity of prosecuting, Mrs. Molyneux."

"To be sure not!" the old lady answered, hastily.

"She promised to mend her ways, and mentioned incidentally that she had saved enough to marry the man of her choice," Bawn remarked, with a grim smile. "If she'd been going to look for another place, I'd have had my doubts."

The dinner was perfect that evening—to be sure, for some of the details Bawn was obliged to resort to a Piccadilly restaurateur; but, then, the notice was short. And she surpassed herself in her table-decoration, which consisted of many kinds of roses. She had been to Covent Garden that morning and had bought her roses for a song.

With the removal of Jane, life at the flat became idyllic. Bawn had discovered a clean, quiet young woman, who came in the morning to do the rough work. For the rest, she delighted in doing the duties of what she had called the "doll's-house flat" and waiting on its mistress, to whom she had become warmly attached.

Captain Gerald Molyneux was there very often. For a fashionable man-about-town he was extraordinarily devoted to his aunt by marriage. He had never let her feel lonely, indeed, but now he was more at the flat than ever.

"I don't know what there is about your flat, Aunt Sybilla," he said. "There is something so restful. When one steps into your little white hall, it is as though one had left all the fret and disturbance of the world outside."

"Dear boy!" the old lady said, looking at him affectionately. "I didn't know you had any fret and disturbance, Gerald. But it is true that I live in great peace. It is all due to Brigid: she has made such a change in my life."

"Ah, Brigid!" Captain Gerald looked uneasily at Mrs. Molyneux. "She seems a very . . . admirable kind of girl. Not in the least like a parlour-maid, Aunt Sybilla, is she?"

"Servants are different in our days," said Mrs. Molyneux, evasively, without looking at her nephew.

About this time, or soon after, she noticed that he became silent, restless, out-of-sorts. At last, he announced to her one day that he was going to exchange into a regiment under orders for India and likely to see some service in a troublesome little frontier war which at the time was taking up a paragraph or two in the papers every day.

Mrs. Molyneux was dismayed. She let a tear fall, which much affected Captain Gerald.

"I hate to leave you, dear," he said, taking up the thin, white, old hand and kissing it. "You see, you're the nearest thing I've ever had to a mother, and an uncommonly good substitute. But I'm tired of being an ornamental soldier. I want to work. The kind of life we lead is the safest thing in the world to get a man into some kind of mischief. Let me go, dear, and don't make it too hard for me. Indeed, it will be the best thing."

Mrs. Molyneux dried her tears. Something in Gerald's voice as much as in his words alarmed her for she knew not what. Was it possible the boy, who had always been so good, was in some disreputable kind of a scrape, or likely to be in one? She was vaguely frightened, and said nothing more to turn him from his purpose.

He was on the eve of effecting the exchange when he came to the flat one afternoon with a greater gloom on his brow than usual, and of late he had been very gloomy.

"I knocked up against that bad lot, Reggie, in Regent Street," he said. "He has just got back, and means to be in London for some months. I want you to promise me one thing, Aunt Sybilla. Don't have him here."

Mrs. Molyneux looked at her favourite nephew in distress.

"How am I to refuse Reggie," she asked, helplessly, "if he wants to come? After all, he is my nephew too. I'm sure I don't know how he came to be Caroline's boy. Perhaps he has given up his wild ways."

"If Reggie is going to come here, Aunt Sybilla, I don't leave London," said Captain Gerald, decisively.

Reggie did come, came first to pay a duty visit with an intolerable sense of boredom, stared at Bawn when she opened the door to him, and after that first visit came again and again.

But, as sure as he came to the flat, his cousin Gerald was there before him, or met him in the lift coming up, or was on his heels as he rang at the door-bell.

Even Mrs. Molyneux could not but notice that the air was charged with electricity. The young men sat and looked at each other; and, after a time, Reggie would get up with a laugh, take his hat and cane, and depart. Reggie was always the one who laughed; Gerald, who had been gay enough in the old days, was the one to look careworn and stern. At times he looked older than Reggie, although that young gentleman's handsome, rakish face had more

lines in it than his years accounted for, and Gerald had been used to look many years the younger of the two.

At last, one afternoon, Reggie arrived without his shadow. He knew, perhaps, that for once Gerald was obliged to be on duty. It was some little time between his ring at the door-bell and his arrival in Mrs. Molyneux's little drawing-room. He was smiling, the used-up, cynical smile which made a good many people dislike him. One of his dark cheeks had a vivid red colour. He looked excited.

"I am going to stay to dinner, Aunt Sybilla," he said.

"Very well, my dear," Mrs. Molyneux replied, quite oblivious of the scapegrace's tingling cheek, and feeling rejoiced that Captain Gerald was not to turn up, for the feud between the cousins troubled her.

The dinner was exquisite, as usual, but Brigid somehow fell short in her attendance. She looked as though she had been crying, and she neglected to fill Mr. Reginald Molyneux's glass. In fact, the gentleman had to help himself. She dropped the plates before him as though they burnt her, and handed him vegetables at arm's-length.

Mrs. Molyneux was very short-sighted and very unobservant; but even she could not fail to notice how her nephew behaved to the parlour-maid. His eyes were more on her than on his plate: in fact, he stared in a very rude way, so that at length the old lady grew indignant.

"I should be glad, Reggie," she said, stiffly, when Bawn was out of the room, "if you would not stare at Brigid. You embarrass the poor girl so that she does not know what she is doing."

He murmured an apology, and was a little more careful when Bawn returned. In fact, Mrs. Molyneux thought her rebuke had been received excellently, and began to excuse Reggie in her own mind. She could not see how he stared into the parlour-maid's eyes whenever she handed him a dish, nor his almost imperceptible smile, which cut Bawn like a lash.

However, she did happen to be looking straight at them when this extraordinary incident occurred. Bawn was handing an *entrée* of sweetbreads and mushrooms in thick brown gravy, to which Mr. Molyneux was helping himself with great slowness. Suddenly she saw the girl lift the silver dish and deliberately pour its contents over the young gentleman's sleek head and immaculate garments. There was a shriek, an oath, a scurry. Bawn had fled from the room, and Mr. Reginald Molyneux was standing, streaming like the God Neptune, only with brown gravy instead of sea-water, a collection of sweetbreads and mushrooms between his shirt-front and his vest, brown gravy streaming down his nose, hanging from his eyelashes and his hair, helpless, infuriated, dumb.

An hour later, Captain Gerald, relieved from duty, made his appearance at the flat and found his aunt greatly disturbed.

"I couldn't have believed it of Brigid—I couldn't indeed!" she said. "You should have seen the sight he was even after he'd tried to wash it off. I'm afraid he must have been rude to her, and I'm really ashamed of him; but that doesn't excuse Brigid for her conduct. I was so angry with her that I agreed with her when she said she thought she'd better leave, and what I am to do without her I can't imagine. Of course, it wouldn't have happened if Reggie had known she was a lady. I oughtn't to have concealed it, indeed, but she wished it so much."

"I knew she was a lady all the time," said Captain Gerald. "As for Reggie, I'll kick him down the stairs if I ever find him here again. I'm in love with your parlour-maid, Aunt Sybilla."

"Was that why you were going to exchange?"

"Because I was a blithering idiot. I did know she was a lady—with that walk, those eyes—though she never spoke to me. Yet . . . yet . . . I was afraid I might break your heart."

"She belongs to a very good family—the Desmonds of Ballintubber. I found she had been living with my old friend, Grace Quinn, whom I had never seen since we were girls together in the County Clare. Where are you going to, Gerald, my dear?"

"To apologise to Miss Desmond for my cousin's rascality—to ask her to stay with you and me, Aunt Sybilla."

"By the way, her name is Bawn, not Brigid," the old lady called after him, softly.

"Bawn!" said Captain Gerald, a few minutes later. "It is just like you, that lovely name of yours. I am proud of your spirit, my child. If Reggie had succeeded in kissing you, I should have killed him."

Bawn looked down thoughtfully at her slender, strong hand.

"You should have heard the report," she said, "when I smacked his face. I thought Mrs. Molyneux would have come out to see what had happened. I shall never have him on my visiting-list, Gerald."

"As though I should ask you!"

"He is not likely to forget," she said, pensively. Then she broke into laughter and covered her face. "If you could have seen him!" she said. "And yet it was a pity. It was a delicious *entrée*; I had made it thinking of you."

"I should not have enjoyed it half so much if I had eaten it!" Captain Gerald said, with grim delight.





WHEN, immediately before jotting these mems, I looked in for a quiet chat with my old friend Mr. Beerbohm Tree, I found him anything but quiet; in fact, he was the busiest of the busy. He had, I was glad to see, somewhat recovered from the storm and stress of his "last night of the season," almost as exciting to any important actor-manager as a first-night. Moreover, Mr. Tree was, as certain literary purists say, "convalescing" after that ordeal to which he still so self-sacrificingly submits, namely, a "speech" to kind friends in front.

In the first place, I found him assiduously clearing up all sorts of such matters which necessarily take days to clear after a theatre has closed for the season, as His Majesty's now has. Secondly, I discovered him from time to time dashing down to his fine stage in order to rehearse bits of the play with which he will re-open his theatre early in September, namely, "Richard the Second." This production will, Mr. Tree assures me, be absolutely the very finest even he has ever given of the plays of his ever-successful "stand-by," as he calls him, meaning the deer-decoying dramatist known as Will Shakspere, Gent. From what I have already seen of the plans, dress-designs, and so forth, I am inclined to predict that even the Quarrelsome Tournament scene that starts all the tragic trouble in this tearful tragedy will be found sufficient value itself for all the money you will pay for your seat.

Thirdly, although even at this very moment I read certain statements to the effect that Mr. Tree will not "rest" until after he has produced "Richard the Second," I detected him preparing in the intervals a sort of scenario, on which he was mapping out sundry more or less mysterious plans, with a view to selecting a little holiday for himself, his accomplished wife, and his majestic young daughter, Viola. Mr. Tree proposes to choose Harrogate, or "round about that quarter," as the late Sam Cowell used to sing—or intone—with such remarkable success in the early days of the first Canterbury, which the veteran manager, Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace Theatre, fifty-odd years ago made out of a previous tavern or "sing-song" known as the Canterbury Arms, Lambeth Marsh.

Mr. Tree was, also at intervals, engaged in suggesting certain useful notions for his forthcoming first English production of that greatly successful American-made Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods."

But, above all, Mr. Tree was, when I called and chatted with him,

exceedingly busy in arranging to transmit himself, Company, and staff (*one hundred strong*) to Dublin, in order to carry out the King's "command" to play at the good ould local Theatre Royal on the 24th inst. For this journey, Mr. James Wright, who has just celebrated his twenty-fifth year of service in looking after all the theatrical tours arranged for the London and North-Western Railway, will have charge of Messrs. Tree and Co. Mr. Wright will take them quietly through—that is, considering the excitement that will then prevail in connection with the visit of the King. Mr. Wright, who has long known what perils dire may often beset theatrical tourists, especially when in search of what they often call "digs," has arranged that, if such need should arise, the good ship which Mr. Tree and his ninety-nine fellow-voyagers will charter shall be speedily transformed into a sort of floating Carlton or other such luxurious hotel.

Towards the end of our continuously interrupted chatlet, Mr. Tree was suddenly called away to interview, or to be interviewed by, his (and our) gracious Sovereign concerning the selection of the programme to be presented before the King and Court at the "command" performance.

Mr. Tree has, at the moment of writing, just returned from calling on the King. He (meaning Mr. Tree, not our gracious Sovereign) informs me that His Majesty has gently "commanded" him to prepare a triple bill consisting of "The Man who Was," an Act of "The Last of the Dandies" (by Mr. Clyde Fitch), and that good old semi-pathetic farce, "The First Night," in which Mr. Tree was wont to be some years ago the best old actor, Achille Talma Dufard, I have seen since the original English player of the part, namely, that late highly polished actor, Alfred Wigan.

Said I hot truly that my friend Tree is the busiest of all busy men? And yet, strange to say, amid all these histrionic and managerial "alarums and excursions" the blithe tragedian-comedian finds time to tell some really funny stories, many of them being as full of difficult dialect as of drollery.

I may as well here mention, before leaving Mr. Tree, that he contemplates producing at His Majesty's some time next year the highly successful American play called "Pretty Peggy."

Mr. George Edwardes's old Gaiety Company will play "The Toreador," "The Linkman," &c., at the Dublin Gaiety during the Royal visit to Ireland.



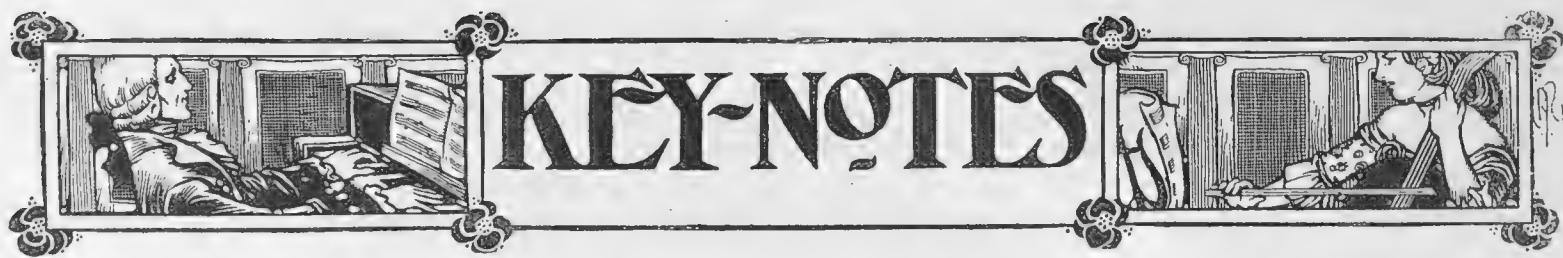
Mr. Sydney Ellison (Stage Manager and Producer). Mr. Tom B. Davis (Lessee).

Mr. Owen Hall (Author).

Mr. Sidney Jones (Composer).

"ALONE WE DID IT": THE QUARTETTE RESPONSIBLE FOR "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph by Burford, Waltham Cross.*



**H**OW, in dealing with solemn musical subjects, shall one discuss seriously the proceedings of the Gala-night given in honour of President Loubet? Rather than discuss the artistic aspect of the situation, one is inclined to consider the roses, the decorations, the innumerable flowers, the (South African?) diamonds, the "social creaminess of things"—anything, in fact, rather than the music. For, indeed, the music took but a decorative part in the scheme of things; it was not the essential characteristic of the situation, it was simply ornamental. This fact was made clear by the attitude of all the singers save one; that one was Madame Calvé. In the second Act of "Carmen" she acted and sang with a spirit and a sense of characterisation which were absolutely superb. One wondered precisely how she appealed to the quiet-seeming Representative of the French Nation, with his yeomen traditions behind him, and here face to face with this piece of absolutism in the art of barbaric persuasiveness, and with this utter modernity of feminine audacity to complete her artistic presentation. Of course, M. Loubet had seen Calvé often enough before, but the piquancy of the situation was nevertheless remarkable by reason of her appearance before him on an English stage.

Madame Melba did not do herself justice in an Act from "Rigoletto." She sang as though she were tired, and as though the situation did not really appeal to her in the least. One is not quite sure if, on the whole, this fact does not tell in Madame Melba's favour; it seemed as though she could not quite do herself justice when the dramatic interest of the opera was destroyed by the suppression of the story; she was, in fact, as has been said, listless and apparently uninterested. Her example seemed to be followed by the rest of the well-known singers who were included in the cast. M. Renaud was by no means up to his best form; and M. Alvarez, in the scene wherein Don José is tempted by Carmen to leave his regiment and to join hands with dishonour, might have been more passionate and more emotional. M. Alvarez as Romeo was just below his usual level, not by any means altogether realising the poetry of the part, but rather attempting to give it strenuousness when quiet beauty would have been altogether sufficient.

The closing of the Gaiety Theatre may be considered as putting a term to a kind of music which has been very popular and yet which has not been altogether artistic. The character of the music to which the Gaiety Theatre has accustomed us is one which is not confined to the barrel-organ style, but which at the same time is not up to the level of (shall one say?) Savoy excellence. The last performance at the theatre implied no more than the running through of the most characteristic and individual pieces which have made for the great popularity of this wonderful theatre. From Meyer Lutz the stream has run on until, in Mr. Lionel Monckton, it has been gathered up and rounded into a peculiar unity which may possibly fall below the line of high art but which always lies just above the line of popularity.

Miss Amy Hare, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert, gave a concert the other day in which she was assisted by Herr Kreisler, Herr von Dulong, Madame von Dulong, and other artists. Miss Hare is a pianoforte-player whose directness of style and certainty of accomplishment mark her out as being an exceptional rhetorical player, but we must, at the same time, recognise that with her temperament there is but little poetry. The poetical temperament is to a large extent tested by Chopin's work, and that master's Nocturne in C-sharp Minor proved

Miss Hare to be rather a frankly expressive exponent of music than a dreamer among the enchantments of musical romance. At the same concert Herr Kreisler played certain unimportant pieces quite delightfully; it is a pity, one rather thinks, that a man of Herr Kreisler's great intelligence should permit himself to make any public appearance without taking the opportunity of justifying his enormous reputation.

At the Bechstein Hall on Wednesday last Miss Ethel Weatherley gave her first vocal recital, at which she was assisted by M. Riviére, Madame Marie Roze, and Miss Anna Stern. Madame Marie Roze sang Meyerbeer's "Robert toi que j'aime" with great clearness of vocalisation and with an attractive sense of style. Miss Weatherley's voice is both pure and sweet; at the present moment she lacks somewhat in warmth of expression—she is, in fact, too anxious to please from the purely technical side of the matter rather than from the

temperamental side. Miss Stern played Leo Stern's "Nocturne" and Ries's "Moto Perpetuo" with considerable skill and intelligence. The concert, in fact, was highly interesting, and Miss Weatherley's singing of Gounod's "Nuit Ré-splendissante" was quite brilliant.

The performance of "Aïda" at Covent Garden on Thursday last showed that Mdlle. Pacquot was a much stronger singer than one had suspected upon the occasion of her first appearance. The part of Aïda is admittedly difficult; not only is it trying from the vocal point of view, but it is also a most exacting rôle histrionically. Both these situations, however, were easily stormed and occupied by Mdlle. Pacquot, whose great beauty of voice, united to a singular dramatic forcefulness, made of the part quite an exceptional triumph. Madame Kirkby Lunn in the part of Amneris sang well, but acted a little stolidly. M. Alvarez was absolutely magnificent; his extraordinary dignity of manner, combined with the powerful and genuinely keen tenor quality of his voice, make a combination quite exceptional both in impressiveness and in the sort of operatic significance which gives to each part of a complex whole its right proportion. Under Mancinelli the music was played extremely well, although the brass, as usual, was overwhelmingly persistent; whether that was the fault of the brass, or Mancinelli, or Verdi himself can never rightly be decided. The scenery was in every respect adequate, and the house was a full one, many of the audience having been obviously drawn by the

expectation of seeing the decorations used on the Gala-night quite at their best. That expectation was not disappointed.

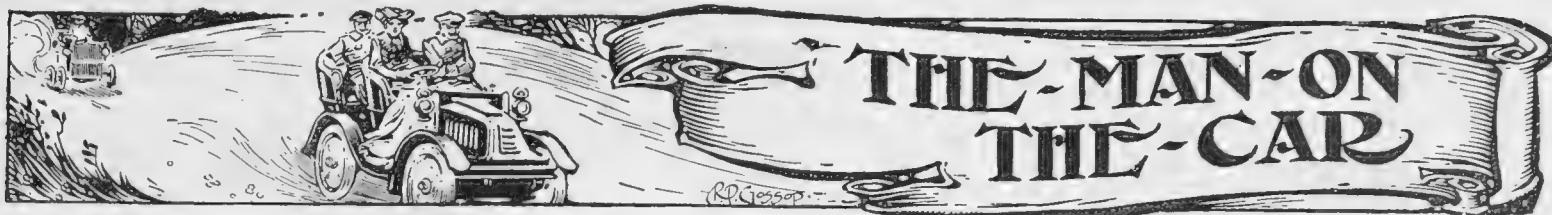
A great deal of excitement has been recently created by reason of a sort of open letter which Dr. Edward Elgar has addressed to Canon Horton, of Morecambe. The thing was apropos of a certain Musical Festival held in that town; in his letter, Dr. Elgar referred in an airy sort of manner to "the sleepy London Press," and suggested that it would be well if we recognised that London is not really the musical centre of England. One presumes that Dr. Elgar, seeing that his phrase adds the words "that we must go farther North to find that centre," implies by such a sentence either Manchester or Birmingham, presumably the former. In either case, Dr. Elgar's position is quite ridiculous; so long as London remains the Metropolitan centre of this island, so long will all that is good in music be the first to visit this town and to acquaint the English people with that which is new and good in the art of music. One would very much like to know what the terms may be which shall turn any provincial town into the position of being a musical centre.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS AMY WEBSTER, A PRETTY SINGER IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL,"  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

*The Motoring Bill—The Gordon Bennett Race—Tyres.*

If I read the text of the Lords' Motoring Bill aright, automobilists are thereby jerked out of the frying-pan into the fire. Should the measure pass in its present undiluted form, the chauffeur is handed over bound hand and foot to the mercy—or, should I say, the perjury?—of every local policeman who desires to curry favour with motorphobist Benches and to be characterised by hippomaniacs as a smart and indefatigable officer. No motorists will object to the fourteen miles per hour limit in towns, but the weak, and I nearly had written the wicked, features of the measure are the provisions by which power is allocated to local bodies to decree the limit of speed at which automobiles shall pass through their separate territories. We shall—at least, the wretched remnant who, in face of this Bill, will continue to motor—find ourselves bound to pass through A.'s area at five miles per hour, B.'s at three, while through C.'s the speed-limit may be let up to the terrible maximum of six miles per hour, the penalties

friends as we possess in the Lower House must fight it tooth and nail, and seek to sap the influence of that party of cranks headed by Mr. Wason, the Member for the Orkneys and the Shetlands, where never a motor-car has been seen. Perhaps this gentleman hopes by his opposition to the modern form of road-locomotion to create a market for his constituents' ponies.

The Gordon Bennett race in Ireland has, in the modern rush of events, already become ancient history, but not so ancient that attention may not be called to the shocking bad luck which, after the first circuit of forty miles, attended the late Cup-holder and his colleagues. Edge, on his 45 horse-power Napier, travelled during that lap at a much higher rate of speed than any of his opponents, and, had luck equal to Jenatzy's but followed him, the issue might have been different. But tyre troubles assailed him again and again during the



THE EARL OF DUDLEY'S CONSTABULARY ESCORT: THESE MEN ACCOMPANY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT ON HIS MOTOR-TRIPS.

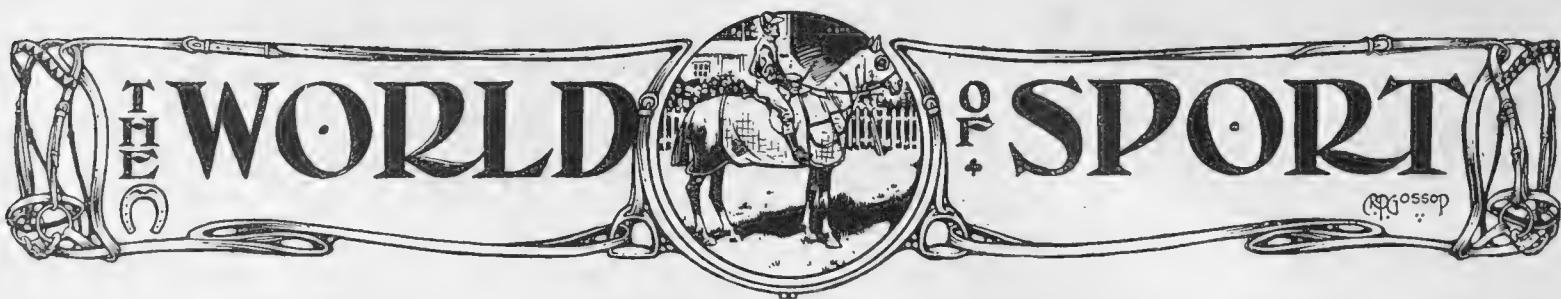
*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

imposable for the infraction of these regulations being a fine of twenty pounds, or even three months' imprisonment. Whatever may be said to the contrary, I cannot but regard the measure as a monstrous Bill, calculated in every possible way to drive the pastime and industry out of the country, which is just what the selfish prejudiced desire.

There is another point about this Bill which requires attention from those in either House who are really interested in seeking some sort of semblance of justice for the automobilist. That is the absence of any clause protecting or compensating the unhappy chauffeur dragged from one end of the kingdom to the other to answer a charge for some police-fancied or police-timed infraction of these statutes, when his motor was in its motor-shed or he was in bed at the moment of the alleged offence. It will be cold comfort for him indeed if, after going to much trouble and expense to prove an alibi, he is tendered the regrets of the Bench, or fails even of this courtesy. The Bill will, doubtless, run through the Lords without alteration, but such

remaining circuits of the race, so that he fell farther and farther behind, although he finished. The honours of the great event are divided between Jenatzy, the Mercédès, and the Continental Caoutchouc and Rubber Company on one hand, and Messrs. René de Knyff, H. Farman, and Messrs. Panhard and Levassor on the other.

It is freely admitted that the Irish Gordon Bennett course was terribly hard on tyres, and that the race went practically to the combination of tyres and skilled, courageous driving. Therefore the Continental Caoutchouc and Rubber Company have every reason to point with pride to the winner's car, which went through from start to finish without giving the driver one instant's trouble. The stress and strain on these tyres when taking the woefully sharp turns on this course at high speed over rough surfaces, and the frequent application of brakes also, threw a tremendous stress upon them, and make the behaviour of the set of Continental tyres with which M. Jenatzy's car was shod a matter of marvel.



**THE WORLD OF SPORT**

C. J. Crosson

*Sandown—Information—Jockeyship—Future Events—Weeds.*

HERE should be a record crowd at the Sandown Eclipse Meeting on Friday and Saturday. The new managers have done all that is possible to provide for the comfort of their patrons, and although the new Stands will not be quite complete, they will be usable. The course is now in very fine order, and owners need not hesitate to run their horses at the meeting. The Eclipse Stakes, to be run on Friday, will, I take it, be the race of the year if Ard Patrick, Rock Sand, and Sceptre are of the field. Two Derby winners and an Oaks winner are not to be seen in antagonism every day, and it is needless to add that feeling over the race runs high. I am told that all the Jews are backing Rock Sand, who is little but good. On last year's Derby form, Sceptre looks worse than Ard Patrick, but I think that running was altogether wrong, and I shall plunge for Sceptre to win and shall expect to see Rock Sand beat Ard Patrick for second place. The National Breeders' Stakes of £5000 may be won by Orienta.

It is necessary that steps should be taken in the interests of the public to provide all possible information as to race-programmes. I think the Jockey Club would be doing the public a lasting service if they insisted on all owners intimating the day before all horses that were to run at any meeting. I am certain, if all the runners could be printed in the morning papers, race-courses would pay better than they do at present. I would never allow a horse to be entered in more than one race on the same day, unless a declaration were made beforehand which event he was to run in. Any horses entered in selling-races should be liable to be claimed by the Fund if they did not go to the post, and under no consideration should the same horse be entered at two meetings to take place on the one day. As I have said many times before, the theatrical lessees find it pay to advertise the names of their "star" performers beforehand, and Clerks of Race-courses should be in a position to do the same, while the public should know beforehand the names of the horses that were to appear.

The riding of some of the apprentices is terrible at times. Their mounts swerve right across the course, interfering with all the other competitors, and the reason fewer objections are heard of is that the culprits fail to finish in the first three. What with the vagaries of the starting-gates and the many swervers in races just now, the bookmakers are having a fine time, and men who a year ago could hardly get sufficient bread to eat are now driving pairs and running motor-cars of their own. It is, however, safe to predict that the days of big plungers are past and gone for ever, as no sane man could be found who would risk a big sum on any race liable to the latter-day accidents. I think apprentices found at fault, say, three times should be made to stand down for a month, while any jockey getting badly away from the gate three times in the one week should be made to stand down for a

week. After all is said, the starting would, I am sure, be a great deal better if it were watched by one of the Stewards.

Tips for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood are as plentiful as peas. It is said Mauvezin could not be handicapped out of the race, while the dwellers in the neighbourhood of the course are mad on O'Donovan Rossa, who likes the track and is sure to be placed. Master Willie, another consistent performer at Goodwood, is to be given one more chance, and he is certain to be there or thereabouts. Of Beatty's lot,

I am told that Chiffon is certain to be the pick, and the tip outright of the sharps is Grave and Gay, trained by Duke. A poor acceptance has been received for the Liverpool Cup, but the majority of the twenty-five left in may go to the post, in which case the contest should be worth seeing. The Hon. George Lambton entered eight, but now has only Bistonian in the race. The Newmarket men are all going for Cheers; I presume, on account of the Duke of Devonshire's luck having at last changed for the better. I think the Cup will be won by Laconia.

I am very glad to notice that His Majesty the King is to weed out some of his moderate horses this week. They are well bred, and, no doubt, would perform well in second-class company, but are not good enough to win the engagements that were made for them some time ago. It was the late Duke of Westminster who told us that it cost no more to keep an Ormonde than it did to feed a selling-plater, and owners generally should bear this fact in mind. We have only too few horses of the stamp of Rock Sand, Sceptre, Sundridge, Lord Bobs, and Master Willic, and far too many mere leather-flappers in training at the present time. This is traceable to the advent of the professional gambler, who finds the fifty-pound selling-plater a more telling counter than a Flying Fox or an Ormonde. The

good horses are consistently good, and therefore are useless for plunging purposes, while the platers can and do finish sometimes first and sometimes last.

CAPTAIN COE.

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MRS. F. TAYLOR'S "SUMMERHOLME."



MR. LAURENCE STEVENS'S "CIGARETTE."

TWO OF THE PRETTIEST HOUSE-BOATS AT HENLEY.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

If one heard that M. Loubet had decided to go to bed for a week after his flying trip to town, surprise would seem superfluous in view of the labours he underwent while here. But that good and genial man has done nothing of the sort, making haste instead to hammer home the great fact of this real *rapprochement* between the



A PRETTY SUMMER DRESS.

nations begun so well by "Édouard Roi" and seconded so sincerely by the President. At the State Ball, Queen Alexandra's extreme charm of manner and appearance were much commented on by the guests forming part of M. Loubet's suite. The Queen's gown of pale daffodil-coloured satin was marvellously embroidered in mauve orchids of different tones, and the contrast was very becoming; but Her Majesty is one of those rare types to whom all colours, whether usually accredited to brunette or blonde, are equally well suited. Her dress of mauve worn with boa and bonnet of Neapolitan violet at the Aldershot Review would have been trying to most, for instance, but only served to enhance the Queen's delicate loveliness.

One of the many thoughtful acts of the President during his stay was the visit paid to the home of the Association of French Governesses in England. Mr. Daniel Mayer, Erard's representative in London, was, amongst others, presented to M. Loubet, who expressed his cordial thanks for the handsome gift of a splendid grand-piano to the institution, which has just been made in commemoration of the President's visit.

Returning to the State Ball for a moment, it was conceded that, after the Royalties, Lady Londonderry's jewels ranked first. Besides her famous diamond crown, she wore a stomacher—to borrow the ugly Elizabethan word—of the same stones which literally covered the front of her white brocade gown. Silver tissue, which has come greatly into fashionable evidence, was worn by several, Lady Grizel Cochrane, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, and Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, all three in noticeably lovely gowns, wearing white and silver. Miss Leila Paget wore a charming little gown of white chiffon and lace with touches of silver tissue, and Miss Grizel Anstruther was another of the "rosebud garden of girls" who appeared daintily

frocked in white. The pink-and-white complexion of the fresh-looking English girl is an endless source of admiration to the stranger within our gates, and certainly all that was representatively best and fairest seemed present at the great function of Wednesday last.

Before departing from the seductive subject of complexions, I must pay tribute to the success which has been achieved in that especial domain of woman by Mrs. Adair, of 90, New Bond Street (Oxford Street end), through the simple but effective methods which she employs for preserving and improving the skin. Mrs. Adair's treatment counteracts the inevitable loosening of the muscles and consequent development of wrinkles. By the simplest and most hygienic process she preserves colour, contour, and freshness in the face and neck. No steaming process is allowed—now known and proved a fallacy—but certain warranted preparations are used in conjunction with the "tapping" system of the Swedish masseuse, and these together have the effect of developing roundness in the most extraordinary way and smoothing away the angularities of approaching middle-age. For obesity, on the other hand, a strapping treatment, in conjunction with electricity, has been proved to be very successful. Mrs. Adair's treatment is simple, natural, inexpensive, and no one need fear disappointment in seeking the assistance she so effectually gives.

The cult of the corset is a much-studied one at the present time, and justly so, as its importance is paramount where the fit of a frock or symmetry of outline is considered. Therefore, when it is borne in upon one that corsets of unexceptionable shape and material are being sold by the London Corset Company, 42, New Bond Street, at exceptionally low prices during their sale, it becomes a matter of moment to avail oneself of the chances offered thereby. Dainty examples of the perfect corset in striped batiste at nineteen shillings must strike the beholder as cheap indeed, and fancy silks in various



A CHARMING SEASIDE FROCK.

patterns are being disposed of at twenty-seven-and-six, while, for the Empire style of dress, charming little Empire "stays" are offered at about half their ordinary prices; so that, altogether, the opportunities presenting themselves at the London Corset Company's just now are

well worth knowing, for it should be noted that every one of the Company's corsets is made in Paris and real whalebone only is used.

Apropos, we have all heard of the woman who used to look as if she had been poured into her frocks—they fitted so well—but I have met several of her prototypes lately, particularly a friend who has gone to Redfern for her Goodwood gowns, and has been fitted to a miracle in a pink voile inlet with heliotrope lace (which sounds odd but looks exquisite), a white lace with wool embroideries in an old tapestry design, and lastly, and most original of all, an amber mousseline-de-soie with many foaming flounces all edged with narrow silken fringe in various

shades from lemon to orange. The hat to go with this dress was a dream, white chip, pale-yellow feathers, and a white osprey composing its quantities. Redfern has excelled himself this season both in Paris and London.

A word to the wise, it is said, never comes amiss, so, in view of that worthy tradition, I may mention to those interested in jewels—and who, nowadays, is not?—that an amalgamation has taken place between the Association of Diamond Merchants, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and the Diamond Merchants' Alliance, 68, Piccadilly. The excellent system introduced by the first firm will be maintained of selling precious stones to the public by weight and silver plate by the ounce. All jewels are marked in plain figures, and these advantages will in future be extended to 68, Piccadilly, added to which the system of extended payments will make it possible for persons of fixed income to become possessed of jewellery hitherto quite beyond their means.

Messrs. Salviati Jesurum and Co., of 155, New Bond Street, are holding a most interesting and important sale just now, during which all their stock of priceless Italian lace is being sold at figures which should tempt any woman with a pound to spare—rose point, Venetian point, Venetian guipure, and many other examples of the classic needlecraft of Murano and Venice. Together with the supreme attractions which a sale of such intrinsic interest compels, quantities of lovely Venetian glass are marked at obviously inadequate prices—the ruby colour which is only obtained by the infusion of pure gold, pale ethereal tones of blue, mauve, and opal, shapes copied from the antique replicas of Pompeian and Etruscan masterpieces, all of which are hand-wrought in the little island of Murano and brought with infinite care to this great mart of the world's wares, to be sold, besides, at a tenth part of their merest value. Certainly 155, New Bond Street, presents at the moment features of more than extraordinary interest.

SYBIL.

#### IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

One of the chief features in the street-decorations on the occasion of M. Loubet's visit was furnished by Messrs. Waring and Gillow. The site of their new premises in Oxford Street is enclosed during building operations with a very artistic gantry, instead of the usual poster-covered hoarding. The gantry had been re-painted for the occasion, and the cased pillars were decorated with bannerets



HÔTEL CECIL DECORATED IN HONOUR OF PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT.  
Photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand.

surmounted with brilliant trophies of flags. The spaces between the pillars contained heraldic shields in rich colour and wreaths of evergreens with streamers of red, white, and blue. Surmounting the frieze were a large number of flags in which the French Tricolour figured conspicuously, flanked on each side by the Union Jack, and stretched across the front

was a pale-green panel bearing in white letters an appropriate inscription.

The courtyard of the Hôtel Cecil presented a lively and picturesque scene during the festivities. The Tricolour and the British flag combined formed a special feature of the decorative de-

sign, and flowers and heraldic emblems were to be seen everywhere. When darkness fell, the thousands of coloured lights festooned round the walls of the vast building added brilliance to the scene.

On the occasion of his visit to the City, the Corporation of London presented an address to M. Loubet. This was enclosed in a magnificent casket of solid 18-carat gold, oblong in form, with semicircular ends, the body portion having graceful curves and mouldings, and the lid being surmounted by a group representing England greeting France, with a figure of Peace standing between. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

The holders of the Cross of the Legion of Honour also honoured M. Loubet. In their case the casket enclosing the address was of silver-gilt, Victorian in design, with handsomely chased corners and finely modelled cherubs on either side, together with the President's monogram. It was designed and modelled by Mappin Brothers (incorporated with Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield) at their Regent Street branch.

"Printers' Pie," the Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension Corporation, has met with a welcome that must be exceedingly gratifying to its Editor, Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, for the result of its publication has been a handsome addition to the funds of the institution. This is not surprising in view of the excellence of the literary matter and illustrations. To the former, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Zangwill, the Duke of Argyll, and many others contributed, while in the list of artists occur the names of Mr. Edwin Abbey, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, John Hassall, and Mr. Mortimer Menpes. The Duchess of Fife is represented by a photograph of her little daughters. "Printers' Pie" should delight the heart of the book-collector. It is sold at half-a-crown.

The Midland Railway Company announce the running of additional evening trains from St. Pancras to Scotland at 7.30 and 8.30 p.m. respectively. The former, with sleeping-car attached, conveys passengers for Edinburgh, the Highlands, and North of Scotland (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), and the latter passengers for Glasgow and Stranraer, for Belfast and the North of Ireland (Saturday nights excepted). The last-mentioned train also conveys a sleeping-car to Stranraer Harbour. Dining and supper cars are attached to each of these trains as far as Leeds.



PRESIDENT LOUBET PASSING THE SITE OF MESSRS. WARING'S NEW PREMISES.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 27.*

## THE WEEK.

THE week ends with some depression, especially in Americans, but all departments have suffered from the markets being dull and neglected, while the counter-attractions of Lord's have not improved matters during the last two days.

Far Eastern stocks have been extra dull by reason of the rumours about Japan and Russia, while Yankees have suffered from the Trust troubles, and especially the Shipping Trust, which was to have been



THE WAIHI GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED: VICTORIA MILL.

Mr. Morgan's everlasting monument, but may not improbably prove the grave of his financial reputation. No sooner is Mr. Schwabe's gigantic account liquidated than the troubles crop up, and it is said that much of the recent selling of high-class stock has been on account of a partner in a well-known New York banking firm who—the partner, we mean—is in trouble.

The report of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, which will be in our readers' hands before these lines are in print, cannot fail to be a pleasing document, showing, as it does, that the net profits have increased by over £8000 for the year which ended on May 31 last. The 5½ per cent. Pref. shares, whose interest requires but a little over £13,000, must be considered overwhelmingly secured in the case of a business whose total annual profits exceed £50,000, and are derived from seven or eight newspapers, and magazines, appealing to all sorts and conditions of people.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are indebted to the Waihi Gold-mining Company, Limited, for the illustrations of the property which we reproduce. The mine is, of course, the most important concern in New Zealand, and one of the very finest mining properties in the world. The area held is about 915 acres, and 330 stamps are in use, of which 200 are at the Victoria Mill, of which we give an illustration. The ore reserves are stated to be over 628,000 tons, and, since 1893, 79s. 6d. has been paid in dividends per share. This year it is expected the distribution will be 10s., with a possible bonus of 1s., which, however, is by no means certain.

The shares of the Waihi Company are like the best Indians—more suitable for investment than speculation, and for a long time have varied from £5 to £5 10s., at which price the yield is nearly 10 per cent.

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

This week, our Johannesburg Correspondent completes his review of the Albu group of Companies which he began in our last issue. The names of the various mines are so familiar to the English Mining investor, that the opinion of an expert from the spot upon them cannot fail to be both valuable and interesting to a large number of readers.

The New Goch had nothing to show but a record of failure up till the time that Mr. Albu took the mine in hand, but by his spirited and energetic management it bids fair to enter the dividend-list in the course of the next year or two. The average yield for 1902 was 41s. 1d. per ton, which is much in excess of what the Goch was wont to show; and a profit of £30,000 was made in nine months, with the full battery of 60 stamps at work only in the last month of the year. The battery is being enlarged to 120 stamps, and, with this increased stamping power and the conditions normal, Mr. G. A. Denny, the Consulting Engineer, anticipates that the profits will not be less than £14,000 a-month. Ore reserves at Dec. 31 last amounted to over 250,000 tons, it having been found practicable, despite the scarcity of labour, to increase them during the year by 70,000 tons. This reserve ore gives the high average of 14·38 dwt. per ton. In view of the battery being doubled, the policy of the Company is still to go on adding to its reserves.

The Van Ryn, at the extreme eastern end of the Rand, is re-starting one of these days with 40 or 50 stamps. This is one of the mines which has come under the Albu control in recent years, and has distinctly benefited by the change. With 125 stamps at work before the War (out of 160 erected), the Company was earning £14,000 a-month profit, the highest point it had ever attained. The Boers did much havoc to

the equipment during the War, and it was possible only lately to start replacing the plant destroyed. The capital having been increased to £500,000 in 1901, the Company has approximately £150,000 cash in hand to go on with the re-equipping and reorganisation of the mine, and Mr. Denny is confident of the monthly profits mounting up to £18,000 when the full 160 stamps are at work. With 40 or 50 stamps at work, the yield is expected to be about 35s. a-ton, and the costs 25s. The property is a large one, 188 claims in extent.

The Cinderella Deep is only yet at the shaft-sinking stage, the shaft being down less than one-half the depth of 3300 feet which it will be necessary to sink. The reef, as struck in a bore-hole in February last, is a large body of ore, 16½ feet thick, only about 9 dwt. value, but assay results from bore-holes are not very reliable. The Company owns 288 claims, and a battery of 100 stamps will be erected in the first place, to be afterwards enlarged to 200 or even 300 stamps. The General Mining and Finance Corporation acquired a large block of shares in the Company at par in 1899, and the price has since advanced materially.

The Aurora West is one of the least successful ventures in the Albu group. The mine is on the poor section of the Rand, between Langlaagte and Roodepoort, and has never done much good, but, with improved conditions and lower costs, it may yet show a fair profit.

The New Steyn Estate is a property of enormous potential value, and when the labour supply improves Mr. Albu proposes to take it vigorously in hand. The property comprises, in the first place, 751 deep-level claims on the dip of the Roodepoort Mines, and on which the reef will be got at little over 3000 feet deep. It is only a matter of time till three or four successful mines will be located on this stretch of ground, which is greater in area than the whole of the mines above combined. In the next place, the Steyn property includes eleven and a-half square miles on the farms Vlakfontein and Doornkop and also 808 claims on Doornkop. Of the ultimate value of this latter section there can be little doubt. At present it is yielding a revenue of £6000 per annum from licences, and it is proposed to have it thoroughly examined geologically. The Company is in an excellent financial position, having cash or liquid assets in hand to the value of fully £1 per share (over £300,000).

The Violet and West Rand Mines have only lately been taken in hand by the Albus. Both are likely to be heard of in the future in the big scheme which the Albus and other capitalists have in hand for opening up the West Rand immediately to the east of Randfontein.

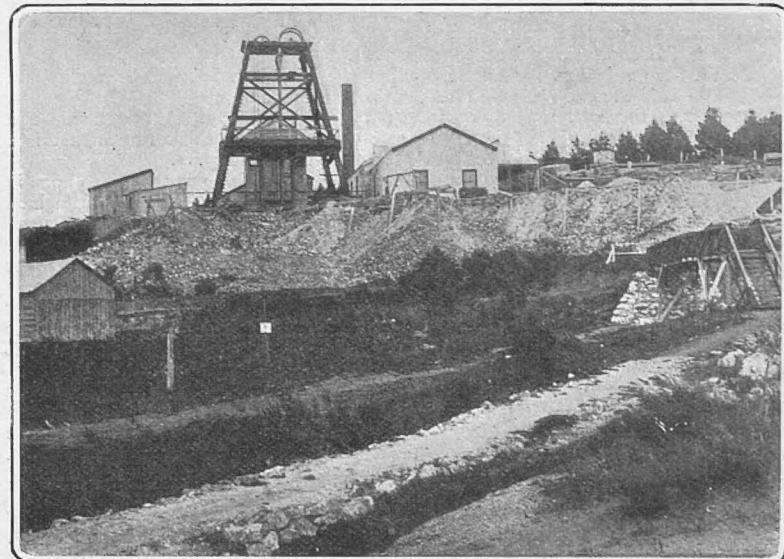
The Albu and other groups are sadly hampered by the lack of unskilled labour for their mines, yet the position is far from being so desperate as many would have us believe. At the outbreak of the War there were, roughly, 95,000 native labourers on the Rand, but a large percentage of these were constantly unfit for work through drink. To-day, with fully 65,000 natives at work, none of them disqualified by liquor, we are actually within 10,000 or 15,000 of the number of effectives in 1899, and at least 5000 are being added to the number every month. Mr. Albu is an adept at figures. Here is an arithmetical conundrum for him. If 80,000 effective Kaffirs could keep 6000 stamps going in 1899, how comes it that, with 65,000 Kaffirs now, there are only about 3000 stamps operating? The developing mines, as distinguished from those producing, had their quota of boys in 1899 as well as now. It may be there are more of them now, but most shareholders would like to see the producing mines receive a little more consideration in the matter of labour.

## THE LINOTYPE REORGANISATION.

For the last two years we have been warning our readers against both Linotype and Machinery Trust securities, and at length the event has justified all we have said, and more. The balance-sheets of the Companies, with the huge sums set down for patents, goodwill, and stocks, were of themselves enough to warn any person conversant with finance, but, judging from our Correspondence column, the ordinary investor does not study these things.

It was hoped at one time that a large amalgamation might have been effected, whereby all the Colonial and foreign Linotype concerns would have been brought under one management and competition put an end to. Undoubtedly this scheme has failed, and matters have got so pressing that it was necessary to take some step to relieve an intolerable situation, so the directors have hit on the present proposals as the best way of burying the past, and raising the necessary money to carry on operations. It will, at least, be a good thing to put an end to the opportunities for financial jugglery which the in-and-out trading of the two Companies have made so easy, and, if for this reason only, we are glad that matters have reached a crisis.

The nominal value of the existing share and Debenture issues of the two concerns is £3,850,000, in exchange for which it is proposed to give £2,950,000 of securities, and sweeten the pill with a distribution of £50,000 in cash. It is better not to ask where the £850,000 has gone, although we do not think we should have much difficulty in giving an answer to the question. To bury the past is, no



THE WAIHI GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED: NO. FIVE SHAFT.

doubt, very good policy, but the directors would be false to all their past traditions, did they not take the opportunity of raising more money, to be as surely gobbled up as the vast sums they have hitherto succeeded in raising have been, so they are going to offer half-a-million Debenture stock for subscription.

As far as our readers are concerned, we advise them to have nothing to do with Mr. Alderman Lawrence's Linotype and Machinery, Limited, and with the present or any future new issues it may make. The true rottenness of the position is not even yet made clear.

#### WEST AFRICA.

Our contemporary, the *Financial Times*, in its issue of the 7th inst., has published a most interesting letter from Tarkwa, giving a very fair and impartial account of what is being done in the Tarkwa and Ankobra River districts, which should be read by everybody interested in Jungle Mining. We can only give a very brief summary of the conclusions to be drawn from the letter.

The district of which Tarkwa is the centre, is fed by the Sekondi Tarkwa Railway, and it is here that the famous basket formation is found, as to the value of which our contemporary's correspondent can only say, that it is conjectural. The basket is a reef of conglomerate varying in yield from two pennyweights to as many ounces. It is said to improve in depth, but, as most people know to their cost, this is a common statement about gold formations, and one which is contradicted by the mining experience of the whole world.

The difficulties of climate, dense forest, transport, and land tenure are fairly set out. The distance from Sekondi to Tarkwa is thirty-nine miles, and the cost of a truck for this distance, whether empty or loaded, is forty pounds, while, on one mine, nine white men have died this year. According to the *Financial Times*, the Adjah Bippo, belonging to the Wassau Mining Company, will probably make a beginning with its stamps in September, and the Effuenta and Abbontiakoon are the most forward of the rest.

In the Ankobra River district the mining is almost entirely in quartz reefs, and the Prestea and Broomassie properties are the most advanced. In the latter property, production is going on upon a small scale, but, according to our contemporary, the Prestea is the show place of the district.

The interesting letter concludes with a brief account of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, and the work being done by its ten thousand labourers. Incidentally, it is stated that the railway has already reached Obuassi, the headquarters of the Corporation.

#### SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.

The continued decline in the dividend on the Ordinary shares of Spiers and Pond, Limited, must create an uneasy feeling in the minds of the shareholders. The report for the year to March 31 last, just issued, is a most disappointing one, the net profit having fallen from £77,500 to £63,000. For several years, up to and including 1894-5, a distribution of 10 per cent. was regularly made. For 1895-6 the dividend was 11½ per cent. For 1896-7 and 1897-8 the dividend fell back to 10 per cent., and for the three following years declined to 8 per cent. For 1901-2 the distribution was 7 per cent., and now there is a further fall to 5 per cent. for 1902-3. There is also a shrinkage in the amount carried forward, which is £5420, as compared with £7672. Although there is nothing in the report from which to trace the branch of the Company's business responsible for the loss, we have a suspicion that the hotel department is really the defaulter, and that this is especially so with some of the latest acquisitions.

*Saturday, July 11, 1903.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.*

**PESSIMIST.**—If we had got in at your price, we should hold on. The labour question is the depressing influence at present.

**K. W.**—No accounts are obtainable, but the Company has not been doing so well of late as in the early nineties. The principal source of profit is the Indian coast trade. As to the call, it is by no means a sign of weakness in this case. The Debentures and Pref. shares should be safe enough. We think the market is a restricted one, but you could probably sell through the Secretary.

**S. Y. D.**—All your investments are first-class, and such as you may sleep upon in peace. There is not the smallest chance of your income falling off. The Nottingham Railway pays £4 1s. per cent. The North London stock (1866) gets 5 per cent.

**GRAND.**—We have no means of finding out about the prospects of the Pier Company. Consult a good Bristol broker, or get your bank to make some inquiries from their local agent or branch.

**P. I.**—On some things, such as Consols, the brokerage is as low as 2s. 6d. per cent.; on others, such as Industrial shares, as high as 25s. per cent. Send us the name of the shares bought for you and we will tell you what most respectable brokers would charge.

**W. B.**—(1) The last deal we heard of was at £2, but you had better ask the Secretary, as the market is an up-and-down one. (2) The Company says it has enough money to drain the lake, but it may very likely want more to treat the mud. (3) We know of no quotation, although sometimes we have seen the price on the tape. Probably somebody wanted to sell, and paid to have a price put in.

Next week a very important public issue will take place—namely, "The Manchester and Liverpool Electric Express Railway Company," which has been incorporated under Act of Parliament. The Company will have a capital of £2,100,000 in £10 shares. Particulars will be found in the advertising columns of our next issue.

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*July 15, 1903.*

*Signature.....*

The first volume of Messrs. Macmillan's *edition-de-luxe* of the works of Matthew Arnold has just appeared. There will be fifteen volumes in all, and the issue is to be strictly limited to 775 copies.

The Committee of the Playgoers' Club have arranged an evening fête at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on Tuesday, July 21, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. The band of H.M. Scots Guards has been engaged and a varied entertainment forms part of the programme.

Mr. Seymour Dicker, Musical Director of the South-Western Polytechnic, Chelsea, gave a successful concert at the Royal Albert Hall Theatre last Wednesday, when he was assisted by several well-known artistes, and the music students of the Polytechnic performed a selection from Gounod's "Faust" and other choral and orchestral pieces in an admirable manner.

Professor Hales has resigned the Chair of English Literature at King's College, London, which he has held with so much distinction, and is to receive the title of "Professor Emeritus." A second edition is being prepared of his "Shakespeare: Notes and Essays." This will contain some important additions and alterations. Professor Sully, of University College, has also resigned, and is going to take a long holiday abroad.

The Great Western Railway have accelerated their service to Birmingham, Barmouth, Tenby, and numerous other places on their system, and by the new Badminton route South Wales is now reached in almost incredibly quick time. The run to Newport takes just over two and a-half hours.

B. M. J. 1903